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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

R 101 and the future of airships are still being widely discussed and will be for many a long day. There are two main camps of opinion, one for and the other against airships, but it is remarkable how many Service men and particularly airmen there are who favour the continuance of experimental development of the airship. The opposition camp is largely made up of those who have never flown and who are, therefore, theorists.

Airships: Can we continue?

To cease all work on airships now and to abandon the quest of discovering the best type of ship and revolutionizing world transport is regarded by very many not only as a betrayal of the ideal for which the dead of R 101 laid down their lives, but as a denial of our national characteristic to "carry on" and overcome difficulties and defeats.

* * * *

INDEED, in the minds of many most vitally interested in the conquest of the air, it is firmly held that the best Memorial that can be raised to the memory of the dead is to build more airships of an experimental nature.

Experiment and Personnel

Some air authorities would like to see the smaller airship further developed so as to afford facilities for training airship crews. This training of personnel for airships is all the more urgent by reason of the heavy loss already incurred in the existing number of men who are qualified for the duty.

* * * *

AFTER all we have moved far in the direction of success from the pre-war days, when the Royal Aero Club organized balloon contests from Hurlingham, and the object sought was either to land nearest to an arranged spot, travelling down wind, of course, or to cover the greatest distance. These were quite exciting contests then, for the skipper of each balloon had to understand meteorological conditions and be able to handle his balloon with skill. If he went too high or too low, he could easily miss the mark.

Balloon Days

At that time there were also "excursions" from the Crystal Palace by balloon-owners, who would take two or three friends for a run across country. This was quite often an adventure with no little risk. The late Frank Hedges Butler and Captain Spencer were recognized as expert balloonists, and those who essayed the journeys generally put up a "fiver" each to pay for the cost of inflation.

* * * *

I RECALL three striking incidents. At one descent we came down on a market gardener's estate in Sussex and our anchor dragged through gooseberry, raspberry and other bushes doing such havoc that the cost of the damage was £33. On another occasion we came down safely on the roof of Vickers' works at Erith.

Awkward Descents

But the worst descent we had was on a Saturday when at the start of our flight the wind failed and we almost came down on the top of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. I can see still the gaping crowds in the City wondering what on earth was going to happen, until we dropped some sand ballast and saved the situation. And then we ran into a breeze that developed into a gale. Up north we went towards the Humber, and there were misgivings lest we might share the fate of the unfortunate M.P. who had shortly before been blown over the Channel and perished on the slopes of the Pyrenees. The position

ON page 300 of his Nature of the Physical World, Sir Arthur Eddington writes: "Human life is proverbially uncertain; few things are more certain than the solvency of a life-insurance company."

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became desperate, for if we once went over the North Sea, we might have gone to the Pole, in more senses than one.

So we determined to come down, *coûte que coûte*. By great good luck we just missed the main line to Hull, our anchor nearly caught in a stone culvert and the balloon was blown on its side across a field, heavily covered with soot. The basket turned upside down, pouring the occupants out, one of whom broke his ankle. Our troubles were not at an end, for a farmer's help, who rushed out to see the prostrate balloon flogging itself to quiescence on the ground, took too deep draughts of the escaping gas and was asphyxiated.

* * * *

EVERYONE is back from holidays and health-seeking, but there are fewer stories than usual of the monsters missed or the bags taken. Indeed, there have been singularly few "tarradiddles" of the moors and lochs. But the story of a friend, who was spending an autumn holiday in the Eastern Pyrenees, must be told, for it has a ring of truth that is unmistakable.

Holiday Stories: the Lizard

It concerns a sportsman's adventure in September with that "loathly worm," the *bhébénambis*, or striped lizard of the Southern Pyrenees slopes, a creature that has been killed six feet long and is found even larger. This sportsman of Banyuls, where oranges ripen better than anywhere else in France, was shooting in the rocky foothills when he came upon a promising haunt of rock-rabbits. The red-legged partridge being somewhat scarcer than usual this year, he had no intention of disdaining a brace of plump conies. Now the gentleman being "so as to be round" and especially well-cushioned astern, moved with due deliberation over the rough and steep ground. As he was advancing with his dog ahead, the latter bolted a *bhébénambis*, almost between

the sportsman's legs. It was the first of its species this gallant hunter had seen and, startled, he tried to jump aside, stumbled and fell down plump upon t lizard's back. When he struggled to his feet, the beast had expired under t " peine forte et dure " of the sportsman's " fenders." To verify this, the liz can be seen on show at Banyuls. But alas! that Daudet is no longer alive relate the adventure.

* * * *

INCIDENTALLY a friend tells me that the Haut Vallespir (" Vallis aspera ' is the upper continuation of the Roussillon is becoming more favoured

A French Paradise

autumn by English visitors of simple tastes, the climate bein the most dependable to be found within easy reach of Londo While Northern Italy and many parts of France have bee storm-bound, the Vallespir has been bathed in sunshine; it ha but twenty-two days of wet in a year, equally divided between the summer an winter. In autumn its hillsides are a blaze of gold and red. There is plenty o rough shooting to be had and famous trout can be caught in the ice-cold mountai brooks. Hotels are most reasonable, if few in number. It is worth rememberin to those who require new ground to break for a holiday.

* * * *

IT was in one of the tiny mountain villages, perched high up among the rock that I heard of one of the most touching tributes paid to the dead of R 10 whether in France or in the British Empire. In accordanc

R. 101: A Tribute

with the instructions sent throughout France by M. Tardieu' Government, official buildings were everywhere flagged *en berne* Crape at the mast-head over the tricolour is the usual tribute but in this village the crape was missing and could not be replaced at short notice So the school children collected, goodness knows where on the mountain side, wreath of " immortelles," and these were hoisted over the flag with a tiny Union Jack, a treasured memorial of early war-days, fastened to it.

* * * *

I DOUBT if wild duck shooting at home can ever have the fascination it has i other lands where there are many more to be obtained. It may be in one sens a slaughter of the innocents, but while it lasts is splendid sport

Wild Duck on Lake Huron

Along the shore of the North Shore of Lake Huron is number of what the French Canadians call " bayeux," or sma bays, with narrow outlets to the main lake. In many of the are vast beds of wild rice, the roosting place of flocks of black mallard. There i the evening shoot when they are coming in at dusk, quite exciting of its kind but the early morning shoot is the big one. The Indian guide—wha an old scoundrel " Kooch-a-gee " was—wakes you up in your little 2 lb. tent a 4 a.m. when the frost is keen. You paddle, oars covered with flannel, in a little duck-boat to shelter in one of the clumps of rushes outside the main rice bed. and place on either side of the clump two live decoys, anchored by a stone, the cord attached to the leg of each bird with a greased cotton ring to prevent fraying. Then the fun begins.

The call to each other of the two decoys (one male, one female) brings out all the male birds within rang of hearing. Out they come, proudly, to see the new " lady of the lake." Then, one shot into their midst and the crack thereof echoes for miles and miles over lake and forest in the still, clear, cold air. And out of the bed fly ten thousand and more of ducks which have never heard such a reveillé, and the sport is fast and furious for a time.

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CONSIDERABLE interest centres around the whereabouts of Sir Percy Loraine, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, now that Egypt is in the throes of a political crisis, which might well result in serious disturbances in Cairo, Alexandria and other places. Sir Percy left Cairo on leave in August and was for a time in Scotland, but he has not yet returned from leave and the reason of his absence at this critical juncture naturally arouses comment.

Where is Sir Percy Loraine?

The Labour Government's record in Egypt is a singular one. Their first act was the recall of the strongest pro-consul we have had in Egypt since the days of Lord Cromer. Then Mahmoud Pasha, the constitutional leader, was pitch-forked out of office by its bungling. The Wafd autocracy which followed almost succeeded in committing us to a preposterous Treaty. And now the stage is set in Egypt for further serious troubles and the High Commissioner is away. Happily the Commander-in-Chief is not, and British troops are still to be found in the Citadel and Kasr-el-Nil barracks.

Incidentally, I heard it said by one in close touch with Egyptian affairs: " Is it a case of the man on the spot being too wise for his Whitehall masters? " or " Is it because Whitehall think they know better than the man on the spot and there is little chance of agreement between their respective opinions? "

* * * *

THE troubles on the North-West Frontier are by no means over. It is now recognized that the Afridi intended business and loot was, for once, a secondary consideration. Stirred up by the seditious elements in and out of India, he believed that the British Raj was imperilled and weakening, hence his effort to capture the key city, Peshawar. Even now, he is not quite certain that the prize of the Indian plains will not be his, for no answer has been returned to the British political representatives about his future intentions. The drama of the Frontier will, it

Plans against the Afridi

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is thought, follow along these lines. The Afridi, when he sees some of his winter grazing lands taken over into the military and administrative area of the British, will either be more aggressive or capitulate for the time being. The British military authorities, after the events of the summer, are bound either to take a punitive expedition into the Tirah, the central plateau of Afridi-land, or to make such dispositions as will prevent the Afridi from penetrating right up to the walls of Peshawar.

The latter course has been decided upon as being the less expensive. It will reduce the Salient thrust towards Peshawar from the No Man's Land of the tribesmen, and the operation will entail the construction of one or more forts to guard the new roads that will be built in this area, roads that will connect with those leading to the Khyber Pass and southwards with the Peshawar-Kohat road.

Moreover, if the Afridi does not promise to amend his ways, he will not be allowed to graze his cattle on the plains.

Then he will either fight or submit. The probability is that he will want to fight and that will mean a punitive expedition. Much depends, however, upon the support he may desire to gain from the neighbouring tribes. Even more depends upon the firmness with which the Government of India deals with the antics and plots of the revolutionary Congress in India.

Lord Irwin's past exhibition of weakness has been largely responsible for the troubles on the Frontier.

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Correspondence

Democracy at Athens?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I read Mr. Baldwin's address in your September issue with great pleasure. But on this occasion his eulogy of ancient Greece, which means Athens, seems ill-timed. Sparta had a King, not a democracy. Athens was saved at the end of the war by the policy and moderation of Sparta, when the lesser States desired her utter destruction. Should not our age acquire Spartan virtues before it thinks of Athenian distinctions?

The flowering time of Athens is known, not as the age of democracy, but the age of Pericles the aristocrat, who dominated and decided public policy. As Mr. Baldwin is familiar with Aristophanes, he must know what that great satirist made of Demos, greedy and inconstant, selfish and treacherous. Does not this Demos need to be controlled? What politician to-day is proposing to control the monster?

What is the democratic record in regard to the men who made Athens famous? Of the three tragedians Sophocles, with a peculiarly equable temper, lived and died in Athens. Aeschylus went to Sicily after he had been crowned for his magnificent *Oresteia* and never returned. Euripides wrote his latest plays in the court of Archelaus, King of Macedonia, died and was buried there. He was, says the greatest of recent Greek scholars, "the critic of a democracy which he found good in theory but practically vicious." Thucydides, as he himself records, was banished. Socrates was put to death, nominally on a charge of impiety, but clearly on political grounds. Phidias was accused of peculation and impiety and died in prison. Democracy loves mediocrity and hates real distinction.

The story of the Athenian treatment of Melos is a tale of injustice and savagery which Thucydides emphasizes (Book V). The Melians were colonized from Sparta and did not want to be under Athens. A long dialogue on the submission of the island is given between them and the Athenians, the latter cynically denying that the stronger party has anything to do with right. Melos refused to submit; all their men of full age were slain; their children and women were made into slaves. Book VI follows with the Sicilian expedition, the Nemesis for such cruelty.

The Athenians were admirable in theory, but not in practice. Mr. Baldwin quotes Maine's exaggerated statement:

> Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin.

If this is true, all the forces of Christianity do not move the world at all. I suggest further, that the Greeks did not invent Roman Law. To-day we need Roman sternness, Roman regard for the *res publica*—the virtues, in fact, which Mr. Baldwin himself celebrated in an address

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to the Classical Association (*see* the article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, (February, 1926). The Romans had an Empire and we have one, though our young intellectuals seem so deeply to regret it. It was Juvenal, the Roman satirist, who wrote of the populace and *Panem et Circenses*:

> Ah! how its might is fallen; to-day its anxious longings are these: Food and Games.

Mr. Baldwin spoke as one standing apart from the fray, but one cannot forget that he has been, and may again be, Prime Minister, and one asks, Why should he look increasingly to *voluntary* associations as more suitable than Governments to do the work of Government? It is like rushing to a referendum to avoid the odium of a decision. Surely the business of a Government is to govern; every single M.P. is paid to do it, and can, I believe, by English law, be fined for non-attendance. Why should the State refuse to do its duty? I thought that one of the basic theories—to use the suitable jargon—of Democracy was that the people chose its representatives to carry out the will of the people. It is surely undemocratic to shift this responsibility to voluntary associations, which inevitably develop shibboleths from which Government can be free, regarding only the good of the country. But every thinking man knows to-day what Mr. Baldwin has cautiously hinted concerning the "dole": that it is pernicious in its working, however admirable in theory. The public goes on demanding for itself more and more. When will Mr. Baldwin or some other politician have the good sense to say out boldly, "You cannot have any more

until the country can afford it"? When will he explain the simple lesson St. Paul put before the Thessalonians?

> For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that, if any would not work, neither should he eat. (II Thess. iii, 10.)

He might even add the next verse:

> For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.

All the political parties to-day are guilty of truckling to the demands of the mob, and no responsible person seems to have gathered from history a conclusion which might suggest a little courage. Naturally democracy does not at first like being held down and kept in by a man who dominates it. Later, it will believe in him, and do anything for him, because he has shown his ability to rule it.

Politicians should realize a new feeling about them which has come out of the reckless extravagance of post-war policy. A good many people by this time are sick of the whole lot of them and those who are familiar with the Athenian practice of ostracism wish that it was still current.

Even then we might have long books by the exiles explaining how right they were, but we should not be obliged to read them, and we could go on with the business of making the world safe *from* democracy.

Yours, etc.,

CANTAB.

The Political Situation in Egypt

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Having been for some years closely interested in the political affairs of Egypt, perhaps you will allow me to make one or two remarks in connection with your notes in the October number on the present situation in that country.

When Sidky Pasha had formed his Cabinet and was faced with open revolt, he succeeded in keeping law and order with Egyptian troops and police, and his success was facilitated by the fact that the movement was not general, but was confined to a small element in the cities aroused by extremist politicians.

It is the greatest mistake to imagine that the present contest is between a despotic government and a democratic party. It is a conflict between all moderate elements in Egypt represented by the Government, who wish to have real parliamentary government instead of government by a single party, and the element of extremist politicians who wish to govern with a caricature of a parliament. To these extremists constitutional government is only a means to obtain office, and when in power they never permit anyone, in or out of Parliament, to raise his voice to make even the mildest criticism.

In such a conflict British neutrality, real and sincere, is the best policy for any British Government, and was pursued by the late Conservative Government on the occasion of a similar quarrel in Egypt eighteen months ago, when Nahas Pasha was removed from office and replaced by Mahmoud Pasha.

Yours, etc.,

E. W. POLSON NEWMAN.

Royal Geographical Society,
Kensington Gore, S.W. 7
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SWITZERLAND

A Reader's Protest

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I purchased a copy of your Review this month* though I am not over-burdened with this world's goods, belonging, as I do, to the *despised* manual labour class of worker. I am, however, keenly interested in social and economic questions and occasionally I take a small part in defending myself and fellow sufferers in wage slavery from the unjust and venomous attacks upon them by politicians and political writers such as those who contribute to the pages of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which ought to be re-named the English Ruling Class Review. One of the most bitter and misleading articles in your July issue is that of F. A. W. Gisborne ("The Communist Offensive in Australia"), a person who evidently thinks that militant workers are a poisonous class of people instead of people who understand their position in the present unequal state of society and who are socially sensitive to the wrongs and hardships of the manual labourers, especially miners and seamen. Mr. Gisborne seems to be quite oblivious of the well-known axiom, viz.: It is not agitators that create grievances, but grievances which create agitators, and also those whom he terms "spoilt children of industry" and other fantastical names.

It is a pity that such people as Mr. Gisborne cannot be made to work hard at hewing coal in a mine for a period and driven along by the methods well-known to foremen and supervisors of the capitalist method of production for profit, etc. methods which leave out

* July

of consideration the "human" factor in their workers and think of them merely as "hands," thus entirely corroborating the Communist view-point—"The worker has only his labour power to sell." Further, Mr. Gisborne does not understand that the industrial "freedom" in the U.S.A., just like that of other lands under capitalism, is all on one side, that of the exploiting class, the master class, thus verifying the preamble of the I.W.W. "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace while hunger and want exist among millions of working people, while those who make up the employing class have *all* the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle *must* go on until the workers of the world unite *as a class*, take possession of the earth and machinery of production and distribution, and abolish the wage system." Mr. Gisborne is, or seems to be, totally ignorant of the fundamental cause of all the evils which he enumerates. He only deals with superficial matters, and the fundamental cause to which I refer is the fact that Australia, like almost every country in the world to-day, is endeavouring to maintain a corrupt, rotten, obsolete system of production for profit which has long since served its purpose, and has outlived its usefulness. Those who profit by it, however, and those who endeavour by State power to uphold it, will not give way willingly and voluntarily. Thus arises the conflict between the defenders of the Old and the pioneers of the New. I would like to commend to your notice and that of people deliberately or unwittingly ignorant like Mr. Gisborne, the following in the July issue of the *Freedom Bulletin*:—"We have allowed a small and privileged class to grab all the natural resources of the world and *they* have the power to decide whether we shall have access to them and on what terms. The lands, mines, factories and means of transport belong to this class, and whenever it pleases them, they throw the workers on the streets. And the State stands ready to use the law, police and military to protect this class and its privileges. In fact, the State, and its official machinery were formed for that definite purpose. If occasionally laws are passed which *seem* to benefit the workers, that is done to maintain faith in the beneficent power of Parliament and to prevent the growth of a revolutionary spirit among the workers. But as soon as the workers realize the foolishness of a few bits of parchment barring them from free access to the soil of their country, down will come the fences and a bonfire will be made of the title-deeds. Their present legal owners *will enjoy Equal Rights* with the rest of the people, but their power to exploit their fellow men and women will be gone for ever." I do not suppose you will publish this letter, seeing that all or almost all our newspapers and periodicals are devoted to the purpose of concealing the Truth and deceiving the people, bolstering up as long as possible the aforesaid corrupt, rotten, festering, unsocial system known as capitalism and landlordism.

Yours for the Anarchist Revolution,

A. T. ROGERS.

High Hall,
Fairstead,
July, 1930.

Only shortage of space has prevented earlier publication of this illuminating letter [Ed. E.R.].

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1930.

Current Comments

THE speeches of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden and Mr. Baldwin's forecast of his election programme make it necessary to ask whether those who speak of a great national crisis are right or wrong. Clearly, these eminent statesmen consider that there is no crisis. We have indeed the usual talk of economy from Mr. Baldwin, and a mild depreciation of additional expenditure from Mr. Snowden, but there is no suggestion of any drastic reversal of policy from either of them. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to hope for such a suggestion from Mr. Snowden, but it would be extremely unreasonable not to require it from one who expects to be allowed to remain in charge of our finances. Instead Mr. Snowden speaks of the necessity of "expedients" of dubious orthodoxy in order to avoid increasing taxation but does not suggest decreasing taxation. His view, we must assume, is that there is no crisis, merely a temporary depression, which will pass. And the increased revenue which will then result from booming trade will be available to finance new schemes of "social reform."

Is there a National Crisis?

IN his speech at the Mansion House on the 15th of last month Mr. Snowden even ventured to argue gently in favour of this view. The arguments were familiar. There was more unemployment elsewhere than in England. There was really not much unemployment in England outside a few industries. Many of the men registered as unemployed were really on short time only. World causes were chiefly responsible for what was a world depression. For many classes, the standard of life had actually risen. Finally, Mr. Snowden congratulated himself on his conversion operations, on the cheaper money rates now ruling, and on the consequent saving to the Exchequer. Although this is the case which the Labour Party are

Mr. Snowden's Defence.

going to put before the middle class electorate, it is not necessary to examine it closely. The real answer to Mr. Snowden will be found in the programme his party are going to put before the working class electorate, which will be vastly different. This programme will include more pensions, more insurances, subsidies for agriculture, more expenditure on education. It will contain no promises of reduced taxation, and many of increased expenditure. It will blow Mr. Snowden's "temporary expedients" sky-high, and saddle us with a permanent increase in national expenditure, which Mr. Snowden would not and does not attempt to defend.

Miss Susan Lawrence is frank but naïve

Miss Susan Lawrence is at least honest. She describes her party's programme as Robin Hood Legislation and promises more of it. The Labour Party Conference took her at her joyful word and voted for a great deal more of it at an early date. But if Miss Lawrence is honest, she is also quite extraordinarily naïve. She seems to imagine that the money which the politicians have unquestionably taken from the rich has reached the poor. Her only complaint appears to be that enough of it has not been taken. Miss Lawrence is probably quite sincere. She is probably as completely bluffed by the Trade Union policy as are the mass of the intelligentsia. When she, and they, wake up, it will be too late, for, as we know from history, governing classes are not moved from their policies by the sufferings they inflict on the poor or the injustice which they inflict on the rich. The predatory legislation to which the Labour Party are irrevocably committed benefits a diminishing class, but a very large class. The hope of more benefits to come will hold that class firm in its allegiance and render them indifferent to the results which their own prosperity inflicts on a very large minority, which will soon become a majority, of their fellow countrymen. The money already taken from industry and from the rich has gone, not to the poor, who are poorer, or to the unemployed, who have less hope than ever of obtaining work, or to the depressed industries, which are ten times more depressed, but to the better paid workers

in the sheltered industries, who enjoy their shorter hours, their higher wages, their free education, their subsidized housing, their subsidized health services, their dumped food at the expense of the competitive industries, the "marginal" workers in other industries and the agricultural labourers. And these sheltered workers mean, with the assistance of misguided sentimentalists of both sexes, to go on enjoying these things. Unfortunately the price of their enjoyment is the bankruptcy of a nation.

The Truth which no one will admit

It is precisely this which constitutes the economic crisis, which all our politicians appear wholly to misunderstand. We have embarked on a policy of forcible redistribution of wealth exactly similar to that which has led already to a financial crisis in Australia. The only reason why a financial crisis has not broken out here yet is that we have in this country greater reserves of taxable wealth outside of business profits, while we have not gone so far as Australia in the direction of forcing up the standard of living of our privileged classes above the average of competing countries. We have, however, already reached the point when our export prices are above the world price level, and the reserves accumulated have been so far dissipated that the end is now in sight. The imposition of a tariff can and will delay the actual crisis, but it can only delay it, as the Australian precedent clearly shows. By means of an indirect tax on the consumer, a tariff will enable the producers to secure a larger share of the home market, but it cannot restore our export trade; it cannot by itself and unaided increase the volume of goods available for exchange, which is the only measure of wealth. On the contrary, a tariff will create a temporary increase in employment by further increasing the already excessive margin between wholesale and retail prices, and thus enabling the manufacturer to sustain a little longer the burden of taxation. Ultimately, however, without a reduction in manufacturing costs, the increased prices chargeable under a tariff will lead to a decrease in consumption which will more than balance the gain from the protection of the

home market from outside competition. Why? Because the increase in prices will still further diminish our exports, and thus, while adding to employment on one side, will diminish it on the other.

The Conditions of a Trade Revival

WE have always said in these columns that we favour a tariff, and we continue to advocate it. Nor have we forgotten that some part of the increase in prices normally resulting from a tariff will be abated by the diminished costs resulting from larger-scale production. The question, however, whether we can restore our prosperity under a tariff depends wholly on whether the imposition of the tariff is accompanied by an earlier reversal of our financial and social policy. A tariff can and will ensure an immediate increase in employment by suddenly cutting off a number of sources of supply and steering the demand which actually exists towards our own manufacturers. But the demand will not continue to exist if prices go up. Use must be made of what will be only a relatively short time to reduce manufacturing costs, and so not merely to maintain, but to increase the demand, and not merely to avoid increasing, but actually to decrease, the general level of prices. To trust to the economies arising from larger-scale production for this is the merest folly. Nothing but a drastic reduction of wasteful expenditure, a renewal of individual effort, and a wholesale reorganization of industry (which can never be financed even under a tariff with the existing burden of taxation) can achieve the desired result.

Mr. Baldwin's Letter

UNFORTUNATELY Mr. Baldwin's electoral manifesto gives no hint that he is alive to this aspect of the problem. He promises economy, but beyond a pledge to amend the last Unemployment Insurance Act to an extent quite undefined, he hints at no reversal of the general trend of policy, and his past record suggests that no such reversal is intended. It is characteristic of the Nemesis which seems to brood over Parliamentarianism to-day that the challenge to Mr. Baldwin's leadership, now open and vigorous, is concerned in no way with this vital issue. Yet, whether or no we can devise an alternative to food

taxes which will at once protect British agriculture and satisfy the Dominions, the reduction of governmental expenditure, the restoration of individual effort, and the reorganization of industry will remain the indispensable conditions of a restored prosperity. Of this governing fact Mr. Baldwin's critics seem to be no more aware than Mr. Baldwin himself, Mr. Snowden, or Miss Susan Lawrence.

Big Business and Politics

MUCH too much attention is being paid to the views of manufacturers on tariffs, and the attempt to confuse the legitimate ambitions of these gentlemen with political wisdom will do no one any good. Naturally every manufacturer wishes to be protected from his competitors when artificial conditions prevent him from competing under Free Trade conditions. This does not mean that the imposition of a tariff is a satisfactory alternative to the removal of the artificial conditions at present prevailing in this country. Naturally, business associations desire to keep themselves above the suspicion of being politically biassed, and they cannot be expected to lend their prestige to a purely political campaign. If, however, any of the signatories to the numerous manifestos recently issued were asked privately whether he would prefer the imposition of a tariff to the curtailment of so-called social services, they would, in nine cases out of ten, reply in the negative. The root trouble of the day is that a man is afraid of attacks on his personal morality if he attacks the social services. He knows as a business man that the present rate of taxation is crippling his resources, while the results of the expenditure add nothing to the efficiency or initiative or industry of his employees. As a man, however, he is afraid of being told that he has had advantages which others lack, and that he ought to do something to reduce the balance.

The Effects of Social Reform

THE real facts are that money spent on education does not educate, that money spent on housing does not house, that money spent on the relief of unemployment creates unemployment, and that money spent on public health makes no one healthier. The rise in unemploy-

ment, the rise in the statistics of infantile mortality and death in child-birth, the continuance of slum conditions and the rapid decline in the standard of public taste and individual efficiency are the clear and direct result of our present policies. But the further development of these same policies remains the stock in trade of all politicians. So long as this remains the case, unemployment will increase, the birth-rate will decline and poverty will increase.

The Birth Rate

THE present birth-rate in this country is the lowest in Europe and has declined progressively and at a catastrophic rate from 25 per thousand in 1914 to 16·3 per thousand to-day. It is still declining. This fact is the most damning indictment of twelve years of profligate government which history records. Within that short time our birth-rate has fallen at a rate to which history affords no parallel, which is only another way of saying that national decline has set in at a pace which not even the bitterest opponents of our present policies could have anticipated. The annual income of a country is the aggregate value of the goods which it produces. It is now not a matter of speculation but of fact that the annual income of these islands will be immensely reduced within the lifetime of most men under forty to-day. A reduction in the birth-rate is sometimes looked to as the cure for unemployment. It is, precisely as death is a cure for all the ills to which the flesh is heir. A statesman, however, who puts suicide in the forepart of his programme as the most effective of all reforms would be regarded as a lunatic, and why a different verdict should be passed on a man who advocates birth-control as a cure for unemployment passes rational understanding. Obviously, if the country is growing progressively poorer, which it is, it will be able to support only a progressively smaller population, but the object of statesmanship is to check and ultimately to reverse this tendency. Nothing can alter the basic fact that the smaller the production of a country, the less it will produce and the poorer it will therefore be. Machinery may increase the productivity of the individual still further, though there is no strong evidence that it will, but if so,

the argument is unaffected. The fewer individuals, the less the resulting increase in national productivity.

The Times and Mr. Baldwin

THE leading article in *The Times* of October 17 on Mr. Baldwin's leadership suggests that political thought among the rank and file is as bankrupt as among the Conservative leaders. I am not attacking *The Times*. It is the considered policy of our national organ to represent, not to precede, the movement of average middle class opinion, and the leading article represents fairly enough the trend of the correspondence to which *The Times* opened its columns earlier in the month on the merits of Mr. Baldwin and his rivals. No more barren discussion could have been imagined. Little wonder that not a single one of the contributors attained the dignity of large type. The only question worth discussing concerning party leadership is the future party policy. Ideas are the mainspring of events. What is the policy dictated by the needs of the day? Is that policy Mr. Baldwin's? If so, he will lead his party to victory; if not, it is immaterial whether he does so. A party united on a sound policy will never lack a leader. A party with an unsound policy will never need one. An army in flight moves of its own impetus. That Mr. Baldwin will welcome the dispassionate catalogue of his defects, which is the best tribute *The Times* can pay to him, is unlikely. But the need is not for new men but new measures. The substitution of Sir Robert Horne for Mr. Baldwin will not effect this, if we are to judge by the silence of the only claimant to be successor who has even ventured to put his head an inch above the bed-clothes. What is wanted is not a new tactician, but men of clear, resolute intelligence and imbued with determination to dominate, not to follow, events. A man who lacks the courage to demand the leadership of a party will never lead a nation.

Comic Relief

A TOUCH of humour has been imported into the political landscape by Mr. Lloyd George's speech to his party, and the *Observer's* prophecy that Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Oswald Mosley may

dominate the next session of Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George's cure for unemployment consisted, as those old enough to remember the halcyon days of the Coalition will be well able to imagine, of a series of Committees and Commissions. One of them is to reduce expenditure, the rest to increase it. The planks in his programme are now two; he still proposes to borrow and spend £250,000,000 on roads, land drainage, housing and telephones, but he proposes at the same time to decrease our expenditure by £40,000,000 in other directions. In this simple way he anticipates receiving the votes of those who desire less, as well as the votes of those who desire more, expenditure. The short answer to this is that it is either true or untrue that lavish State expenditure is a cure for unemployment. If it is, why economize? If it is not, why spend? Or is it Mr. Lloyd George's view that money spent on roads is productive, while money spent on health or education or pensions is not? If so, why is a mere ten per cent. cut to be made on such unproductive expenditure? The facts are, of course, not in dispute. All expenditure by the State which does not result in an increased production of exchangeable goods impoverishes the community. Increased facilities for exchanging goods are only productive when they open up new markets at a cost which is less than the profit on the sales in the new markets. As for money spent on education and health, the only practical test is the result. Are we healthier? Are we losing less working time? Are we producing better and more cheaply than in 1912? The answer is a direct negative.

Is Education Useless?

ARE we to conclude that education is useless, and that our public health services are futile? Certainly not. But we are teaching the wrong things. We are not teaching people to produce, but to consume; not to keep fit, but to draw money when they wish. As Sir Ernest Benn has put it, we are teaching people to lean instead of teaching them to push. It is not technical education which is necessary, as is often assumed, but moral education. We have sheltered a whole generation

from the school of life, and have omitted to supply the lessons ourselves. There is one test, and only one, of a sound education; it is the ability not to enjoy leisure, but to earn it.

The Flight from Reason

THE chief need of the hour is to restore the confidence of ordinary men and women in their own powers of observation and in their own reason. People to-day will believe anything which is preached to them in the name of science or economics. They should acquire the habit of translating everything so preached into plain workaday English. When they are told that the restriction of hours will cure unemployment, they should ask their informant whether he really expects them to believe that they can get richer by producing less. When they are told that a vast expenditure on roads is "development expenditure" which will make them richer, they should visualize the farmer with wheat unsaleable, with fruit unsaleable, with vegetables unsaleable, because the market town cannot sell his goods in competition with foreign produce, and ask themselves how a new road from a bankrupt farm to an empty market is going to help? Or how new roads in Lancashire are going to help the Manchester cotton spinner to compete with the Japanese in India? These catchwords are credible only to people who do not reason. Unfortunately, people who do not use the powers which God has given them very quickly lose their money. Whether the rise to power of Sir Oswald Mosley will be a satisfactory alternative is for them to decide. But by the time they have made up their mind it may be too late.

R. 101

THE tragedy of the R 101 has shocked the world; it has also shocked the Government into a sense of their responsibility for encouraging the public with hopes necessarily fallacious. Much has been written of the grievous personal losses of so many brave men. Too little has been said of the policy responsible for their loss. It is easy to mourn these men as pioneers. If we are anxious to fulfil our duty to the dead, we must be less complacent. The risks of airship navigation were perfectly known to

all those in authority before this disaster. Only the public were less informed. They were naturally sceptical at the repeated delays of widely advertised flights, at the regular and, indeed, grotesque disparity between promise and performance, but the deliberate silence of the Authorities and the Press about the real and known capacities and limitations of airship navigation left the public mind still undecided. The disastrous enterprise of the R 101 was undertaken to reassure the public. The actual disaster could not, of course, have been foreseen. The chances of a successful voyage to India and back were, however, always remote, and of the establishment of a regular airship service to and from India were non-existent. For these reasons, whatever the Commission of Enquiry may find as to the causes of the actual disaster, the voyage should never have been undertaken. To wait for ideally favourable conditions was to learn nothing. To set out in unfavourable conditions was to take a risk quite unjustifiable because quite useless.

India

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's articles on India in the *Daily Telegraph* are a strong statement of the case against the Government's handling of the situation. We think it unlikely that Lord Irwin or the India Office hold views quite as extreme as this distinguished journalist imagines, but that they definitely favour a "settlement" with the Hindu political clique as the price of what they imagine will be peace and quiet is clear. It is unfortunately almost equally clear that the Simon report is shelved, and that the Round Table Conference has been packed so as to provide a majority for the Government's scheme. Happily, on this issue the Liberal Party can be reckoned on to support Sir John Simon's view, which will command also a substantial number of Labour adherents. The Government have deliberately rejected the only basis of discussion which would have entitled them to the support of the majority of their own countrymen, and without that support they are powerless. Whatever the ultimate result, it is certain that at the present juncture the Labour Government must govern or go. If it is indeed Lord Irwin's view that the moral right to govern India

belongs to the Hindu politicians and not to us, he will soon have the chance, as far as he personally is concerned, to put his principles into practice.

What is a Moral Right?

The wider question, whether any one has a moral right to govern anywhere, is interesting and by no means irrelevant to world politics to-day. Government is a necessity of social life; in a world interlinked by finance, commerce, and intellectual co-operation, it is a condition of world prosperity. The plea that world prosperity is as nothing compared to the thrill which individuals get from the feeling that they are governing themselves comes curiously from those who at home are arguing that without economic security liberty is worthless. They cannot have it both ways. What the extremists admittedly want at home is not liberty, but the liberty to take away the freedom of one group, in order to confer a special benefit on another. And what they really claim abroad is the right of their friends to inflict for their own gratification widespread unhappiness and unrest on other people. The plain fact is that no one has an inherent moral right to govern. The only man who has a right to govern is the man who can by governing supply a need; when he ceases to supply it, he will be displaced, through the unfailing working of natural laws, by someone who *can* supply it. It is government, not self-government, which is a necessity; a dictator may fail to govern, a democracy may succeed; each must be judged by results. But to concede a "right to govern" is to concede a "right," also, to misgovern; a civilization which concedes that right to any of its component parts will perish within a century, and probably sooner.

The New Education Bill

The new Education Bill, announced by Sir Charles Trevelyan in his speech on October 21, is in itself an amusing commentary on Mr. Snowden's protestations of economy. The raising of the school age, and the accompanying payment of 5s. a week for each child retained at school by the new Act, is a measure which is bound to impoverish the country and to increase taxation. It is a doctrinaire measure, based not on any demand by the

parents of the children concerned (who, indeed, would reject it out of hand unless they were paid to accept it), but on mid-Victorian *a priori* assumptions about the value of education, backed up by the teaching profession, now as strongly entrenched and as much a vested interest as the drink trade thirty years ago. The value of the *a priori* assumptions about the benefits which education confers is best tested by the provisions of this new Bill. If the earning capacity of the family is to be increased by the Bill, why is it necessary to pay the head of the family for accepting it? Surely it would be enough, even for our privileged classes, to have the cost of an additional year at school paid for by someone else. The fact is that no one, whether teacher or pupil or parent, believes for a moment that this extra year is going to increase national efficiency as measured by earning capacity; everyone is convinced of the exact opposite. The measure is a plain piece of academic fetish worship which has to be recommended to the parents by a bribe and to the taxpayer as a remedy for unemployment.

The Nemesis of Liberalism

THE arguments which were used in support of the measure are, of course, the " right " to education, and the indirect benefits resulting. If one argument is sound, there is no need of the other. The fallacy underlying both arguments happens, however, to be the same. The whole case for the Liberalism which is Sir Charles Trevelyan's inheritance from his distinguished ancestors is practical, not theoretic. Liberalism has come to grief because it luxuriated in the profession of high-sounding *a priori* principles as reasons for doing a limited number of very necessary and practical things. When it had done them, it was left with principles which, if they were sound, were just as valid reasons for doing an unlimited number of very foolish things. If there is a " right " to education, whose authority have we got for the information that the " right " does not cease at 14, but does at 15? The fact is that all arguments based on " natural " rights are based on assumptions which cannot be proved. No institution even professes to have a revelation on the subject of school age. To talk about rights in this con-

nection is mere platform rhetoric. The sooner people have the sense, or the courage, to say as much from the housetops, the better for our reputation for sanity.

Indirect Benefits from Education

As for the argument that education confers indirect benefits, this, too, breaks down under the quantitative test. It is all a question of "how much?" Personally I know far more people who wasted five valuable years by staying on at school after 16 than I do people who profited by a university education. And of those who did leave at 16, the majority would have gained substantially by leaving at 14. Obviously, certain types are educable and will, if properly educated at society's expense, confer equivalent benefits on society. Equally obviously, certain others will benefit neither themselves nor anyone else by staying at school even as long as they do today. Education does not consist in imparting information contained in books, but in imparting the ability to profit from the information which experience of life provides. In nine cases out of ten this ability is found at its highest potential not among those who have seen most of books, but among those who have seen most of life. If Sir Charles Trevelyan wishes to stereotype existing class distinctions and to ensure that the poor remain poor, he could not do better than proceed with his Bill which deprives the children of the poorer classes by a stroke of the pen of the greatest advantage they possess over the children of those more fortunately situated. We can only hope that this Bill will be vigorously opposed in all its stages. Nothing seems less likely.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Patting the back.—As a kind of *apéritif,* before the reopening of Parliament in the early days of this month, M. André Tardieu, the French Prime Minister, has been making a few of his somewhat rare speeches in selected quarters of the country, two or three in his own constituency of Belfort. And in the course of these M. Tardieu has been indulging in quite a noticeable amount of patting on the back, mostly a patting of the very broad back of France, but also a little patting of the fairly comfortably spreading back of the Tardieu Government. Well, I do not think there are many people who could find objections to this slight song of praise for what has been done by himself and his colleagues. After all, M. Tardieu is very nearly the only Prime Minister in the world who can survey his country and then sincerely declare that things are going quite well—most emphatically better than they are in Great Britain, the United States and Germany.

Serene M. Tardieu.—Never in the whole of the sixteen years it has been part of my duties to record the developments of French politics have I known a period in which a French Premier could welcome a returning Chamber of Deputies with such serenity as it is possible for M. Tardieu to display on this occasion. Always there has been some obvious problem of vast proportions to be grappled with, the grappling being all the more difficult because the strength of the perpetual Opposition made any experiment a risky undertaking for a Ministry. But now M. Tardieu is in a similar position to that of the owner of a theatre where the play is clearly in for a very long run. Returns from taxation continue to exceed the estimates with most comforting regularity.

Hand-tied Opposition.—That, with the other satisfactory features of the situation of France, would not, of course, be sufficient to ensure the perpetuation of M. Tardieu's Premiership until the Chamber has completed its four years' life in 1932, because no French Prime Minister can ever be so able in the view of his rivals as they are themselves, even though these same gentlemen may have had several trials and failed in all

of them. Unceasingly they try to bring about his downfall. It is part of the system. But on this occasion they have a harder task than ever I have seen facing any French Opposition. M. Tardieu has carried out his plans in such a way that it has been difficult to remark anything but the profitable results. Consequently the Opposition is driven back on the purely academic cry that the Cabinet is "anti-republican." This sounds a rather absurd charge against a Ministry which, more than any other in my recollection, has kept its fingers out of politics and got down to solid administrative work. Anyhow, it is not in the least likely to arouse the after-war electorate, which feels that the Republic is now pretty solid and can very well take care of itself in the dubious event of a challenge.

Big Claims.—Main points made by M. Tardieu in the course of his speeches were:

Budget balanced without increased taxation.

Taxation cut in one year by £44,000,000 and £120,000,000 written off the public debt.

French share in world's gold holdings doubled in two years.

Wheat production 10 per cent. more than in 1920, whereas that of the United States has fallen 40 per cent. in the same period.

As against the two, three and four million unemployed of the three great industrial countries, France had 1,000.

As a proof of the resistance which France has offered to the trade depression which has enveloped the world there is not much that could be more convincing. Almost any Prime Minister in Europe would feel far more secure if he could make 25 per cent. of these claims.

Across the frontiers.—Only one thing could cause uneasiness in France, and that is the possibility of another war. M. Tardieu did not hesitate to deal with the outlook in this respect, though his allusion was rather delicate and was principally intended, apparently, to call for the display of calmness on the part of the French people which is warranted by the measures taken to ensure the defences of the country against any attack. All that M. Tardieu said was, "Outside events have deceived our hopes," but, to those who know what has been happening within the last six months there lies behind that phrase a vast amount of anxiety, now considerably dissipated. The removal of the worry comes from the speeding up of work on the new system of fortifications along the frontiers, details of which have just been published.

The new defences.—These show that France is now prepared to meet with an almost fiendish degree of efficiency anybody who might be so foolish as to attempt an invasion of her territory. Judging from the amazingly cleverly arranged defensive works, it would need an army several times the size of the last German army to break through these concealed lines of forts, pill-box mazes and traps, and even then it is doubtful if any troops would get through except as isolated remnants that would be an easy prey. No wonder the French War Minister, M. Maginot, was able to declare that the protection of the north-eastern frontier will be assured.

Strengthening the "impregnable."—This is the frontier that faces Germany. Most Britons are apt to refer to it as the eastern frontier, but, generally, the French speak of two frontiers, the north-east and the south-east, which faces Italy. The south-west, facing Spain, and the north-west, facing Britain, are never heard of. As for the south-eastern frontier, though this is formed almost entirely by the Alps, which are virtually impregnable in days when an army must be of vast size if it is to achieve anything, the French have been no less industrious here in assuring that there can be no breaking through the four main passes that lead down to Nice. They were already well locked. Now they are bolted and barred.

So, when the Deputies reassemble at the Palais Bourbon, they will find that pretty well everything has been done in the management of the country's affairs which could have been done in the last twelve months. And if M. Tardieu should wish to indulge in a little political skirmish as a relief from solid industry, he will be able to concentrate on meeting the opposition of the Radical-Socialists, who have recently been holding their annual congress at Grenoble, struggling to invent a line of attack on a Cabinet that is far too solidly seated to please place-hunters. That, it is quite evident, is the main—in fact, almost the only—Radical grievance against the Ministry. But they cannot say this openly. And so far they have been unable to find any means of acting upon it effectively. The Premier holds the trumps —all of them.

The Twilight of Democracy.

By Austin Hopkinson

TRUE pessimism is the state of mind reached by the man who has lost faith in the rationality of the universe, and it can only arise when disaster persistently fails to overtake folly. As the universe does not pretend to be moral, optimism may reasonably be preserved even when retribution fails to overtake guilt, which is indeed commonly the case. The present condition of the world in general, and of this country in particular, has justified the optimist in the fullest measure. For governments in every country have perpetrated every political folly known to humanity, and the results have been so appalling that no unbiassed person can longer doubt the rationality of the universe.

In our own case, thirty years of death duties have effectively cut off the possibility of future expansion of revenue from income tax. Ninepence for fourpence, the modern equivalent of *Panem et Circenses,* has brought our Empire to the stage of its decline and fall. Cause follows effect in perfect sequence. "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

A wider view serves but to confirm our optimism. Industrial depression has spread over the world as over Great Britain. The same political follies have produced the same economic results. Australia, having pursued the same policy as the mother country, but with greater enthusiasm, has reached the sea at the bottom of the steep place a little earlier than we have. But total immersion obviously awaits the Gadarene swine of Europe as certainly as it does those of the Antipodes.

Let the reader imagine that, far before the dawn of history, a great European civilization existed, "mechanicalized" to the fullest degree and in all respects similar to our own. And let him further consider what are the conditions under which such a civilization may have disappeared, leaving no trace. If he will free his mind from cant and face the problem honestly, it would appear that he must reach the conclusion that the conditions in

question roughly coincide with what we now term democracy, and that any civilization, however healthy, must wither and die when inoculated with that virus. For democracy is the attempt to dam the stream of evolution and even to make it run backwards, by refusing to merit of whatever kind its natural reward and by fostering inferiority of every sort.

Let it be admitted that "merit" is not easily defined, it is still possible to adduce examples on which there will be general agreement. In the North of England at the present time the population may be divided into two classes—those who work for their living and those who live willingly or unwillingly upon doles. Now, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's prolonged endeavours to convince the nation that the whole duty of the citizen is to get more out of the public purse than he puts into it (in the ratio of 9 to 4), it is still generally regarded as more meritorious to earn one's livelihood than to sponge upon one's neighbours. But already, over large areas of the industrial North, the non-workers are in the majority and are using their political power to make the position of the workers ever more intolerable. Thousands of wage-earners have made a brave struggle for self-respect. But the power is on the side of the non-workers and the pressure grows steadily, so that we see scores of families forced every week over the line which divides self-respect from pauperism. The political domination of the non-workers has enabled them, since the General Election of 1929, to raise the dole to an amount in excess of the economic wage in some of our basic industries. Those industries may, therefore, be regarded as dead, and will remain defunct as long as the wages of idleness are higher than the wages of labour.

Ever since 1920 this process has been going on, hidden now and again by the smoke-screens dear to the press-man and the politician—amalgamation, rationalization, protection—all those empty catchwords (to change the metaphor) clutched at by industry like straws by a drowning man whose only real hope of salvation lies in keeping his head and striking out for himself. No one, let it be observed, who has to depend upon the news-papers for his information can possibly know, as we who

are actively engaged in industry know well, that scores of small independent concerns have been prospering quietly, unnoticed in the turmoil produced by the dying flurries of the great combines. Yet even we independent industrialists cannot hope to go on much longer. Already our supplies of fresh capital are cut off by taxation, our customers are being ruined by legislation and trade-union restrictions, and our workmen are toiling more than one day in each week, not for themselves and their families, but to support those who do not work. The non-worker has the political power, and we workers have become his slaves, without hope of emancipation until we take our courage in our hands and kill or cure democracy.

In one European country after another democracy has been killed, since it seemed beyond cure, and few have mourned it. In America it has not yet been born, though that country now at length seems gravid with Rousseau's misbegotten imp. The one important question for our statesmen to tackle is this: Can we, alone of all nations, make democracy safe for humanity; or must we follow the path of Italy, of Russia, and of those other nations in which democracy has perished through its own corruption? Russia deserved Lenin, and got Lenin. Italy deserved Mussolini, and got Mussolini. I have too high an opinion of our late enemy to think that Germany deserves Hitler, and trust, therefore, that Germany will not get Hitler. But is it certain that we ourselves do not deserve to be dominated by one of the titled promoters of queer companies who are offering their nominees as dictators of Britain?

Can anyone, remembering the General Election of 1929, feel certain that we deserve a better fate? For, at that election, the leader of one political party offered the electorate honest government. And the electorate repudiated the offer with scorn. If any candidate could show that he had consistently shirked every duty to his fellow-countrymen, and still more if he could prove that by the vilest treachery he had added to the total of our casualties during the war, he was practically certain of election. It mattered little to what party a candidate belonged. The electors would even give their votes to a Conservative if his record were bad enough, and few

indeed were the instances in which Conservatives of high standing were re-elected, except in constituencies where long tradition rendered it difficult to change. These latter cases will be fewer still at the next General Election if the owners of the gutter-press are active, and the growing contempt in which the House of Commons is now held will become such that it is doubtful whether anyone will go out of his way to save it when it is attacked.

Thus we have a situation upon which two distinct anti-democratic forces converge. On the one hand, Social Reform, or mass corruption as it may be better named, is bringing about an economic chaos in which many of our people will be concerned more with obtaining enough to eat than with maintaining an outworn form of government. On the other hand, the personnel of Parliament is rendering it less and less easy to feel any respect for that body.

It will be observed that this situation in other countries has invariably been ended by a dictatorship of one kind or another. When people are hungry, they do not concern themselves about political liberty. What they want is food, and anyone, whether Napoleon, or Lenin, or Mussolini, may take away their liberty if only he will restore order out of chaos and make it possible to live.

The opportunity for a *coup d'état* is rapidly approaching, and if, at the coming General Election, the leader of the Conservative Party again asks the electorate whether it desires honest government and is again given a direct negative, it is doubtful whether our democratic constitution can be preserved. Hence every man who has any regard for the future well-being of his country should apply himself to the task of insuring that, if political liberty must disappear, power shall remain in the hands of those who can be trusted to use it well. For already it is clear that there are claimants to the throne which democracy may soon vacate. On the one side there are those company-promoting sharks who, masquerading as industrialists, have induced the foolish to over-capitalize their concerns to a preposterous extent, and who know that monopoly alone can justify that capitalization. Already these people appear to have established a

corrupt hold upon the worst section of political trade unionism, and to have hypnotized unthinking enthusiasts with talk about an Empire of whose economic conditions they are profoundly ignorant. Recently they appear to have selected their Mussolini, and, if the rumours of the town are correct, they can hardly be congratulated on their choice. It would, however, be a fatal mistake to regard them as harmless. The opportunity for a *coup d'état* is likely, as I have said, to arise within a year or two, and a combination of political capitalism with political trade unionism might well succeed in its object of reducing the nation to slavery under a dictatorship of a peculiarly repulsive type.

On the other side, we have a large number of simple logical folk who, having done and suffered all that men can do and suffer for what they believe to be the good of their country, now see no reason why they should allow their efforts to be brought to naught and their country to be ruined by the corruption of democracy. These people do not swagger about in black shirts or wave the flag of empire in the streets. They are too fully engaged in earning their wages, if poor, or managing their businesses or estates, if rich, to have much leisure for talking. They do not form themselves into associations of ex-servicemen with the object of cadging further doles from an impoverished nation which, as we disabled soldiers gladly admit, has been but too generous to us. They have marked the rise to power of the wind-bags, but know well that power ultimately rests, not with the talkers or the crowd, but with the minority which is prepared to fight for what it believes to be true and right.

There are some evils for which force is the only remedy. Force alone has cleared the seas of pirates, and reduced slave-raiding to the position of a minor African industry. And, if a nation has persistently proved itself unfit for liberty, history, and more particularly recent history, shows that armed force is the only cure.

If, therefore, the coming General Election brings to light an even deeper rottenness in the electorate than was revealed in 1929, and if success rewards the efforts of those who are striving to drive all men of character and ability out of the Conservative Party, the end of parliamentary

government will have to come. What is to follow it? Are we to pass from the domination of demagogic windbags to that of Bombastes himself, from the rule of the idle poor to that of the idle rich and the gambler?

Or will the workers of all classes unite at last to make an end, by force if necessary, of those who have brought their country to the brink of ruin?

The time for decision is short. The Coal Mines Act recently passed has restored the very conditions which made inevitable the events of 1926, and in July of next year the automatic return to a statutory seven-hour day in the mines will have prepared the stage for another general strike, even if the bankruptcy of the railways has not produced an earlier crisis. What the old Free Traders foresaw and feared has at length come about. Political interference with industry has brought economic ruin and has corrupted politics almost beyond cure. The workers still have a majority over the paupers, but it is rapidly dwindling and will inevitably disappear. With it will go all hope of preserving democracy, and the succeeding events will show whether I am right in believing that the fighting man is the ultimate arbiter of the destinies of those nations which have fallen under the sway of the talkers.

The Crucial Conference

By Sir Benjamin Morgan

A COMPREHENSIVE survey of the work of the Imperial Conference now sitting is not, of course, possible for some time to come and until the official reports of the deliberations are available. Any attempt, therefore, at comment can only be directed towards an examination of the general trend of policy as evidenced in the speeches of the various delegates.

Some amount of consideration has so far been given to the constitutional relationships of the Dominions with the United Kingdom as a corollary to the principle laid down at the conclusion of the 1926 conference. Other important matters, such as communications, postage, overseas settlements, civil aviation, and mandates are likely to receive attention and some useful results may be obtained in these fields.

It is entirely evident, however, that the real interest of the conference centres in the problem of trade relationships. Altogether apart from our domestic controversies in the United Kingdom, the responsible heads of all Empire countries are seriously concerned with the vitally important problem of finding a market for their commodities, whether food-stuffs, raw materials, or manufactured goods, which are produced by their respective peoples, and by the measure of the successful disposal of which can be reckoned their national well-being.

The people of the United Kingdom have fully realized the constitutional equality of the overseas Dominions with this country and have also understood their complete freedom of decision in all matters affecting their own trade. Nevertheless, one has, at the same time, looked to the Mother Country to take the lead, at least in adumbrating the general line of forward policy in discussing matters of trade. Such has been the case usually at previous conferences, and although the line indicated by the then British Governments has not by any means always met the detailed wishes of the Dominion representatives, at least the latter have always been ready and anxious to receive and to examine care-

fully the proposals of the United Kingdom. They have, in fact, as we ourselves, also looked for a lead from the statesmen of the home country.

It is, therefore, somewhat depressing to find the British Government barren of initiative and taking up what is tantamount to a defensive attitude. Confronted with the unanimous desire of the Dominion Governments for reciprocal tariff preferences as the most effective means of developing trade within the Empire, the British Government are, so far, refraining from any definite reply. The concrete proposals made by Canada to serve as a basis for reciprocity have been referred to the Government Departments affected for detailed examination and report.

The speech of Mr. Bennett making the Canadian offer may well become historic, and the following excerpts from his remarks should be imprinted upon the minds of all British citizens :—

> The primary concern of Canada to-day is profitably to sell its wheat. We believe that we shall be reaching towards a solution of that problem if we can establish a better market in Great Britain. This market we want, and for it we are willing to pay by giving in the Canadian market a preference for British goods. You may each, in your own way, apply what tests you choose to determine the value of reciprocal preferences to your own country. I am confident your conclusions will coincide with ours. . . .
>
> First, we must approve or reject the principle. I put the question definitely to you, and definitely it should be answered. There is here no room for compromise and there is no possibility of avoiding the issue. This is a time for plain speaking, and I speak plainly when I say that the day is now at hand when the peoples of the Empire must decide, once for all, whether our welfare lies in closer economic union or whether it does not. Delay is hazardous; further discussion of the principle is surely unnecessary. The time for action has come. . . .
>
> Until this principle is accepted it would be profitless to discuss the application of it in any great detail. I shall, however, outline in a broad way our conception of the manner in which it may be employed, and shall qualify the generality of my proposal by indicating the method of its application.
>
> I offer to the Mother Country, and to all the other parts of Empire, a preference in the Canadian market in exchange for a like preference in theirs, based upon the addition of a 10 per cent. increase in prevailing general tariffs or upon tariffs yet to be created. In the universal acceptance of this offer, and in like proposals and acceptances by all other parts of Empire, we attain to the ideal of Empire preference.

Mr. Scullin stated his agreement with Mr. Bennett as to the immediate need for some decision upon Mr. Bennett's proposals. "Already," he said, "there is a measure of preference in operation reciprocally between the Dominions and the United Kingdom and there are treaties in existence between certain Dominion Governments. The principle of preference has already been accepted to a large extent, but it is our duty at this Conference first of all to affirm the maintenance of that principle and then the extension of its operation."

Before coming to this country to attend the Conference, General Hertzog stated in no uncertain terms that the Government of which he is the head would look to the United Kingdom to extend their preferential treatment of South African produce, and that otherwise the Government of the Union of South Africa would have to give serious consideration to a readjustment of the preferences upon their imports of manufactured goods that already exist. This can only mean that South Africa may come to a decision at no distant date to attempt to construct trade treaties with countries outside the British Empire.

The outstanding feature of these proceedings is the totally different line of approach to this economic problem taken by the British nation, as against that of the Overseas Dominions. The Dominion Representatives, regardless of their party political views, as applied to their domestic affairs, are at one when attempting to grapple with this problem. No consideration do they give to theoretical points of high policy, or of any abstruse economic thesis. The one driving force behind their efforts is—by what means and how quickly can they open up avenues of disposal for their respective national products. They look first to Great Britain with its vast consuming power of 48 millions of people, and they consider it as the obvious line of least resistance that the political and sentimental ties which exist between themselves and the United Kingdom should make an attempt at negotiation with this country easier than any corresponding attempt with a foreign country. In short, it is with them a matter of expediency.

Here in this country we seem to insist upon working

from diametrically the opposite point of view. Practical consideration of possibilities and the ultimate limit to which Imperial Economic Unity might be pushed seem tragically to be forced to take second place to the consideration of some imaginary principles. Even some of those who are loudest in their protestation of the need for the development of Empire Trade seem rather to be concerned with the phraseology to be used than with the action to be taken. Does this indicate the failure of party government or the bankruptcy of British statesmanship?

Mr. Bennett made a most important proposal when he invited the Conference, after discussion of the plan in its various aspects, to adjourn for further detailed examination and then to meet at Ottawa early next year as the guests of the Canadian people.

This, whilst not a point of positive policy, is one well worthy of consideration by the countries of the Empire. Some of us have urged this course for a long time. We have constitutionally established complete equality as between the United Kingdom and the self-governing Dominions, and therefore there remains no valid reason why Imperial meetings should only take place in London. Actually, Canada is a more central country and a shorter journey for most of the Dominion Delegates than is England, and it would indeed be a handsome gesture by the United Kingdom if, as far as this country is concerned, an immediate acceptance of Mr. Bennett's hospitable offer were given.

It is not proposed in this article to discuss the possible counter-proposals of the British Government. Doubtless before the Conference comes to an end there will have been put upon record proposals which may have some semblance of utility. Almost certain it is, however, that these proposals cannot, without sudden revolutionary changes of thought and policy, include any extension by the United Kingdom of tariff preferences. The present Government are likely to pin their faith to the institution of import boards and bulk purchase, which methods are anathema to the producers and business men of the Empire. Most interesting comment upon this policy is made in the Preliminary General Report of the Research Committee

of the Empire Economic Union which has recently been published.

Though so far the policy commonly known as the "Import Board Policy" has not been precisely defined, it clearly visualises that the whole supplies of certain commodities should be purchased either by a Department of State or by some Statutory Corporation created for the purpose.

Without entering into the general discussion of Socialism versus Individualism, we see obvious objections to bulk purchase by the Government. It would make every purchase a diplomatic issue and, accordingly, one likely to give rise to controversy with foreign, and possibly also between Empire Governments, while the subsequent distribution in this country of the commodities bought in bulk would give rise to serious internal political difficulties. This would be brought about by popular pressure for low prices, and might well lead to a revival of that dangerous device—a subsidy on all bread—which prevailed at the end of the War, and to similar subsidies in the case of other commodities bought by the State in bulk. The creation of Statutory Corporations which naturally would be largely under Government control would lead to the same difficulties, and we cannot believe that the complete elimination of competition would not result in time in a low efficiency of operation on the part of these Boards.

There is a general objection to unified purchase of any commodity by the Government or any other body. It demonstrated itself very clearly during the War when this method was employed for wheat, sugar, and many other commodities. The objection arises through the fallibility of human judgment. Members of purchasing boards have to make up their minds from time to time as to the market position of any commodity, and have to come to their conclusions; however ably they may be composed, the number is obviously limited, and their judgment, however intelligently informed, may be mistaken. For instance, if a Board makes up its mind that wheat is going to rise in price and purchases the entire requirements of a country on this basis, while events prove that world markets, instead of rising, fall, the error of judgment is transferred on a huge scale and involves enormous sums. With the present practice, where there are many individual buyers, some will take one view and some the opposite; whichever is right or wrong, some kind of average result which is not so far from the actual truth will be arrived at, and therefore the amount of error in either direction will never become of an extravagant nature. The risks of higher prices to the consumer or heavy loss to the taxpayer are outstanding and ever-present weaknesses of schemes of bulk purchase.

Amidst so much discussion of policy, the value to both the United Kingdom and the Dominions of such ultimate result as might be obtained by Imperial Economic Unity is likely, to some extent, to be lost sight of. It may,

therefore, be of some use shortly to re-state the actual statistical position of Imperial trade as it exists today.

The United Kingdom imported in 1928 articles of food, drink and tobacco valued at £530 million; and raw materials and unmanufactured articles worth £334 million. Manufactured goods are not here taken into account as, although in any extension of the policy of safeguarding the established principle of granting a preference to the Dominions would be observed, they are not likely to benefit to any appreciable extent by such preferences. The following table shows the distribution of the exports of the countries represented at the Imperial Conference and the figures are those for the latest year obtainable :—

			To United Kingdom.	To other Empire Countries.	To Foreign Countries.
			£ million.	£ million.	£ million.
Canada	(1928)	...	84.4	17.5	148.7
Australia	(1927)	...	48	11.9	69.7
New Zealand	(1927)	...	36.5	4.7	5.5
South Africa	(1927)	...	23.8	3.8	17.8
Irish Free State	(1927)	...	42.3	.4	1.5
Newfoundland	(1927)	...	1.3	.6	4.3
India	(1928)	...	58.5	36.7	145

From these figures can be obtained some idea of the real value of preferential trade treatment to the respective countries of the Empire. In the case of Canada, Australia and India it will be seen that much larger quantities of goods are sold to foreign countries than to the United Kingdom and other Empire countries combined.

Even that portion of the trade which these overseas countries of the Empire secure from the United Kingdom is, with the exception of a very few commodities, in open competition with the world and without preferential treatment of any kind.

It is almost a commonplace, albeit a serious fact, to state the dependence of the United Kingdom upon export trade, but relatively of even greater importance to the productive capacity of the Dominions is their export trade a vital requirement. They are producing mainly foodstuffs and raw materials; their populations are small

and they cannot hope to dispose in their domestic markets of more than a proportion of even their present production. Furthermore, it must be remembered that trade is not static and that, whilst we in this country are concerned with our falling markets for manufactured goods, and would be happy indeed if we could even keep up our normal trade, the Dominions are increasing their productive capacity at a very rapid rate, and, if the development of their respective countries is to continue, they will have to find markets for far larger quantities of merchandise than is represented by present-day figures. The problem for them is, by whatever means that come to their hands, to obtain sheltered markets which will enable them to proceed with their development with a measure of confidence. They are our best customers and it is only common sense to give them effective preferential treatment in our home market.

Turning shortly to this other side of the picture, the overseas countries of the Empire import, annually, more than £300 million of foreign manufactured goods, representing the direct employment of over a million workers. If we can offer them a sheltered market for their products, there would be little difficulty in securing from them such preferential treatment as would ensure the diversion of at least a large part of these millions to this country. Again attention must be drawn to the fact that this is not a permanent figure and that, as the Dominions progress, whether with or without the help of the United Kingdom, their import requirements in manufactured goods will continue to expand.

At the beginning of this short review of the work and possibilities of the present Imperial Conference note was made of the fact that the economic aspect of inter-Imperial relations is paramount in importance and that the 1930 Conference will be judged as to its measure of success by its ability to grapple with this problem. At the same time there must be present in the minds of all thoughtful people the method by which the turn of the wheel of Time will bring the Dominions and the Empire back from their consideration of the economic position to one of the political and constitutional aspect.

Constitutional problems as between the Dominions

and the United Kingdom have been settled, and by the very nature of things in this century a nation's attachments are measured according to economic standards. We are definitely at the parting of the ways with the self-governing Dominions, not as a matter of negotiation by statesmen, but by methods of permeation of thought throughout the Dominions, which could be the more insidious in their result and which could defy all the efforts of statecraft. Emigration in post-war years has materially declined, and there are growing up in the self-governing Dominions large populations who have no personal connection whatever with the United Kingdom.

The bonds of sentiment and loyalty to common political institutions still remain, but future, and in fact immediate future, generations will be bound together in a common attachment to the British Empire far more easily by economic co-operation contributing to their material well-being than by unlimited reiteration of the political and sentimental bonds. If these reciprocal economic measures are not evolved at the Conference now sitting, then it is merely a matter of a short time before the Dominions drift completely away from us. Do the people of this country realize the stupendous issue before them?

The Round Table Conference

By J. E. Woolacott

No one who possesses first-hand knowledge of India can fail to be impressed by the magnitude and complexity of the task which confronts the Round Table Conference. The very composition of the Conference is eloquent of the diversity of India. The great majority of the population are Hindus. But there are also a multiplicity of so-called "minority communities," including 70 million Mohammedans, who cannot forget that their forbears ruled India, and who repudiate any form of government under which the ultimate possession of political power would be decided by the mere counting of heads. Sikhs, Buddhists, Parsis, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians (new style), the tragic army of the depressed classes, and the important non-official British community will all be represented at the Conference; and the detached onlooker cannot fail to be struck by the insistence with which the plea has been voiced that in any constitutional changes which may be decided upon effective measures must be provided to prevent the oppression of minorities. Under British administration the dangers it is thus sought to guard against do not exist. But even Indians who are clamorously joining in the cry for responsible government and Dominion status are vocally apprehensive regarding the possible fate of minorities under Indian rule. In other words, they desire measures of protection against the danger of political oppression by their own fellow-countrymen.

Again, the British commercial community in India forcibly claim that provision should be made against the enactment of discriminatory legislation directed against a section of the population. They have good reason for seeking to be protected in the exercise of their legitimate pursuits. The Bill introduced in the Indian Legislature by the representative of an Indian shipping line to exclude British vessels from the coastal trade was a measure of pure confiscation, and in the debate on its provisions the Swarajist leader, Pandit Motilal Nehru, very clearly indicated that the Bill was but the prelude to an attack on other industries built up by British capital and British enterprise.

A prominent feature of Indian politics is the persistent tendency to evade the vital problems which were so

lucidly discussed in the first volume of the Simon Commission's Report. Eloquence is freely expended on the evils of "alien rule"; England is adjured to yield to the "national demand" before it is too late; the loss of the American colonies and the settlement with Ireland are constantly cited to illustrate the perils attendant on a stiff-necked policy. But it must be evident to every clear-sighted Indian who will participate in the Round Table Conference that no decision of the slightest practical value can be arrived at which fails to give full recognition to the stern facts of the problem. Sir John Simon and his colleagues, as we have seen, presented a clear, unprejudiced and thoughtful statement of these facts, and for so doing they have been pursued in India by fierce invective and vulgar abuse. In the course of a debate on the Commission's Report in the Legislative Assembly in July of the present year, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Jayakar, moreover, accused the Commission of being guilty of insidious and mischievous propaganda in publishing the first volume of their Report in advance. "It was a trick," he said, "very much of a piece, though different in colour and intensity, with the production of a notorious lady who wrote about India, whose name I shall not soil my tongue by mentioning here—a propaganda very much alike to that, intended to create a world opinion that Indian conditions were so hopelessly bad that Britain was justified in not giving responsible government to India."

But rhetoric and invective will not diminish the gravity of the difficulties which the Round Table Conference will have to face. Thanks to the malevolent activities of Mr. Gandhi's allies, we have in recent months been forcibly reminded of the menace of the North-West Frontier. And it is pertinent here to recall that eleven years ago it was necessary to assemble across the Indus a force of over 300,000 and to employ them on a front of 1,000 miles in order to repel an Afghan invasion and its concomitants. The tribes of the border include in their fighting ranks 150,000 men armed with modern rifles, and many of these possess an acquaintance with modern methods of warfare. It is, therefore, obvious that the defence of India from external aggression is a factor of vital importance.

Of profound moment, again, is the maintenance of

internal order. In discussions of communal differences in the legislatures and elsewhere the contention has frequently been advanced that Hindu-Mohammedan enmity has been intensified by the constitutional changes embodied in the Government of India Act, which have accentuated political competition in regard to the acquisition of posts under Government. The fact remains that these unhappy dissensions constitute an ever-present danger to the public peace, for hitherto the efforts of reasonable men on both sides have failed to find a remedy. Apart from disturbances arising from religious animosities, we have repeatedly witnessed in India the terrible results—murders, massacres, arson and intimidation—arising from Mr. Gandhi's lawless campaigns. The presence of Communist agents and the lavish expenditure of Communist gold add to the magnitude of the difficulties which face the authorities in India, and which must inevitably be considered by the Conference in London. It would, indeed, be disastrous to the Indian people if the responsibility for the maintenance of law and order passed definitely into feeble hands.

Throughout the revolutionary agitations of recent years politicians who have disclaimed sympathy with violence have equally assailed Government on account of the "repressive measures" it has been compelled to adopt to enable it to perform its primary functions. A significant example of this strange attitude of mind was provided in a debate in the Council of State at Simla this year. Sir Phiroze Sethna, a prominent Bombay business man and one of the Indian representatives selected to attend the Round Table Conference, in the course of a speech, declared that, as President of the Indian Liberal Federation, he had last December strongly deprecated the civil disobedience campaign. "But," he went on, "while we Liberals have supported Government in these emphatic terms, we have equally and emphatically asserted, through statements we issued to the Press and otherwise, that on no account were we prepared to support Government in any repressive measures they may introduce." This definition of the Liberal position elicited from Sir Sankaran Nair the retort that the Government's spokesman might suitably have drawn a contrast between the timidity with which

Sir Phiroze Sethna and his political colleagues addressed Congress and their boldness in attacking Government.

It would be difficult to over-emphasize the importance of the future control of the police. Police baiting is a popular amusement in some of the Provincial Councils, and any support the force receives from politicians classed as Moderates is too often of a perfunctory character.

Evidence as to the basic demands that will be advanced at the Conference is provided by statements which have been made for publication by a number of the Indian representatives. The general attitude of the "politically minded" was, moreover, very definitely expounded in the two debates in the Indian Legislature at Simla, which have already been briefly mentioned. In the Legislative Assembly a motion of the Finance Member for a grant on account of the expenses of the Round Table Conference was met by an amendment proposing a nominal reduction, the object being to enable the Report of the Simon Commission to be discussed. This procedure was paradoxical, as most of the members were in favour of participating in the Conference. The President, however, acquiesced in the arrangement, and in the discussion, which occupied three days, the Commission's findings were vehemently condemned as mischievous and reactionary, and in some cases speakers indulged in unseemly abuse of Sir John Simon and his colleagues. In the end, the amendment was carried by 60 votes to 48, the minority including a substantial number of officials. Among the majority was Sir Abdul Quaiyum, a stalwart Mohammedan from the North-West Frontier Province. His opposition on this occasion was based on his objection to the Commission's recommendations relating to his province, which, he contended, should be granted the same reforms as the rest of India.

The second debate took place in the Council of State and arose on a resolution proposed by Sir Phiroze Sethna, which ran: "That this Council recommends to the Governor-General in Council that he be pleased to urge on His Majesty's Government the necessity and desirability of meeting India's demand for the immediate establishment of full responsible government, both pro-

vincial and national, and Dominion status, subject only to such reservations as may be considered essential to a transitory stage and to such provisions as may be required to safeguard the legitimate interests of minorities." It was in the course of his speech on this resolution that Sir Phiroze Sethna announced his inability to support the "repressive measures" of Government, and he also declared it to be essential that Dominion status should be granted, for India would surely reject, and was in honour bound to reject, anything less. If that were not done, the present struggle was bound to continue. Even if it were suppressed by the power of machine guns and the sword, it was bound to revive.

The resolution was ultimately withdrawn at the suggestion of the Law Member, Sir Brojendra Mitter, who pointed out that it was unfair to ask the Government of India to express a definite opinion in the form embodied in the resolution at a time when they were engaged in studying the whole of the materials relating to the problem. But the debate showed that the claim advanced in the resolution was endorsed by a great body of opinion in the Council, its supporters including Sir Sankaran Nair, the Chairman of the Indian Central Committee which worked with the Simon Commission.

There are close observers of Indian affairs who now frankly confess that they fail to see how any conclusions at once practical and acceptable to "politically minded" Indians can be expected to emanate from the London discussions. The near future will show how far these foreboding are justified. Even if the claims advanced by the more moderate of the Indian representatives were endorsed, Mr. Gandhi and his confederates would maintain their attitude of implacable hostility to everything British, and would persist in demanding concessions which are beyond the pale of reason. The Conference, they maintain, is not representative of India, since their party is absent, and they may well, if the conditions are favourable, keep alive, as far as they are permitted to do so by the authorities, the insensate revolutionary movement which they have set on foot. There is no doubt that the strenuous efforts made to induce them to come to London have flattered their vanity, and they must have contemplated with profound satisfaction the

banalities uttered by certain public men, such as "The Conference without Gandhi will be like *Hamlet* without the Prince," and "Gandhi is the only man who can deliver the goods." This is the veriest fustian. It may be regretted, perhaps, in one sense that the Mahatma will not attend the Conference. His presence would certainly have exposed the utter poverty of his political wardrobe, and afforded the intelligent public here a glimpse of the preposterous nature of the claims he has fathered. Mr. Gandhi has repeatedly proved himself capable of inflaming the passions of the mob, but, as he has himself admitted, he has never succeeded in exorcising the demons he has raised. His supporters, as we have seen, have incited frontier tribes to outrage and murder, but these predatory fanatics would treat with derision an order of the Mahatma that they should abandon their search for loot. The fatuity of the Gandhi programme for the future government of India was never more forcibly illustrated than by his reply to an interviewer who asked him how he would deal with the defence of the North-West border. "Oh," he airily remarked, "I would teach the tribesmen the spinning wheel," and this he seemed to think disposed of the future of the warlike Pathan.

The procedure to be adopted at the Round Table Conference is arousing speculation among those who are personally acquainted with Indian political methods. It is felt, indeed, that unless this procedure is skilfully arranged and rigidly adhered to, the deliberations may extend over many weary months. The Englishman who for the first time listens to a debate in the Legislative Assembly is almost invariably struck with admiration at the mastery of the English language which most of the Indian speakers have acquired. If he continue his acquaintance with that body, he will discover that this mastery is accompanied by amazing verbosity. It would seem, then, that if subject after subject is to be given over to a general debate at the Conference, the results will be irksome and disappointing. Some of the representatives appear to favour the relegation of the various questions to a series of Committees, and it is possible that this expedient will be adopted, though it may not commend itself to the lovers of oratorical display.

Tariffs in Theory and Practice

By W. A. Hirst

WHEN this subject is discussed, the discussion is usually carried on by two opposite parties, one advocating some kind of Free Trade, another some kind of Protection. Thus we tend to make it an affair of parties, each of which adduces all possible facts to support its theories, and Truth is left in a well. If she could emerge, she would tell us that economics is a purely empirical science, and the value of any economic theory or method merely consists in its tendency to promote prosperity and general well-being. In other sciences, which admit of verification, it is usually the case that hypotheses and principles are not held as dogmas: they are provisional and liable to be revised on the discovery of new facts.

But, apparently, politicians find that it is difficult to enlist support for themselves and their "platforms" unless they can get up a sporting contest with slogans and battle-cries. And yet in two important spheres, India and foreign politics, the inconvenience of these methods became so patent that they have been abandoned, and are now practically outside the sphere of party politics. It is much to be wished that a similar beneficial change could be wrought in our economic policy.

Seeing that tariff controversies are carried on with considerable earnestness, it is implied that fiscal systems exercise an immense effect. We should gather from the speeches of the extremists on either side that salvation or ruin of a country depended upon the issue. And, yet, what are the facts? Tariffs, of course, may do good or may do harm; but economic well-being depends upon innumerable circumstances, in which fiscal systems bear a comparatively minor part. It would be difficult to mention an instance in which Free Trade or Protection turns the scale.

We know that in 1846, when our system was changed, the question was fought with great vigour, and similarly in 1903, when the question was again raised, it long dominated all others in public discussion. Obviously, in

1846, the transactions were momentous. The previous half century had seen an enormous change in economic conditions, and the irrational tariff, which imposed multitudinous duties, most of which did not pay the cost of collection, had long been felt to be injurious to the new and vast extension of trade and manufactures.

It was also believed that other nations would follow our example, and that there would be a free exchange of commodities and services between the countries of the whole world. The advantage of that condition of affairs to Great Britain was obvious, for her manufactures were far better developed than those of her neighbours, and she would be able to receive abundant raw material and sell it in a manufactured form to foreign nations.

Cobden said, at Manchester, in January, 1847, about a month before the Repeal: "I believe that if you abolish the Corn-law honestly, and adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe which will not be changed in less than five years to follow your example."

His admirers strenuously deny that his policy was conditional on our example being followed, and they are right. A loosening of the shackles on industry was then necessary to our country. He also declared that the agricultural interest would gain rather than lose by Free Trade. In this his prediction seemed to be justified, for that industry for more than twenty years enjoyed a prosperity much greater than at any time since 1815. But this was not due to Free Trade.

During that period, the British farmer enjoyed a natural Protection. Freight was slow and costly, and the development of the great American wheatfield had hardly begun. Most European countries needed all their produce to feed their own people. In England, population was increasing rapidly and wages were higher; thus the farmer had an abundant market, in which there was little competition. But, in course of time, great steamships began to carry enormous cargoes rapidly and cheaply. It was often pointed out that it cost less to transport a ton of wheat from New York to Liverpool than from Liverpool to Manchester. At one time early in this century, a ton of wheat could be brought from Buenos

Aires to London for five shillings. That is to say, that an Argentine grower could place on the English market his wheat at exactly the same price as the English farmer—or rather at less, because his costs of production were smaller.

Consequently, a very bad time ensued in agriculture, and arable land went rapidly out of cultivation.

Another instance may be given of the small effect of tariffs. Before the Repeal of the Corn Laws there was much lamentation over the cost of bread, and Protectionists were held up to odium for starving the people. But for a long time after the Repeal the price of bread was very little lower. From 1830-39, the average price of wheat per quarter was 56s. 9d., from 1840-49 55s. 11d., from 1850-59 53s. 4d. Gladstone himself did not take much credit to Free Trade for lowering the cost of the loaf. Just like Chamberlain and others at the present day (not including Mr. Snowden), he wished to give the people money with which to buy commodities.

In dealing with taxes, he wished to "operate with the greatest advantage." He remarked that "it is the enhanced price their labour thus brings, even more than the cheapened price of commodities, that forms the main benefit they (reduced tariffs) bring." Thus it was not the Repeal of the Corn Laws that brought about the abnormally low price of grain towards the end of the nineteenth century, which almost ruined the British farmer. It was the North and South American wheat fields.

Again, Free Traders acclaim Free Trade as the cause of prosperity. Certainly, from 1849 to 1879 the wealth of the country increased by leaps and bounds. In the then circumstances the absence of tariffs was a considerable assistance. As has been already pointed out, British manufacturers far exceeded in efficiency those of the Continent and the United States, and their ability to obtain iron, timber, wool, and all raw materials at their natural price enabled them to produce cheaply. But under any tariff system there would have been prosperity.

Steam power was now fully developed, machinery was improved every year, and the great gold discoveries in Australia and California provided a medium by which

to carry on a great trade. And population was growing apace in both hemispheres, enhancing the demand for manufactured goods. Wars and revolutions in Europe and America weakened competition, and the few years after the great Franco-Prussian War were relatively the most prosperous that Great Britain had ever known. The ravages of war had to be repaired, and the costs were received largely by this country.

It may reasonably be remarked that, if Free Trade is life to industry and Protection death, it was strange that from 1878-88 trade was very bad, although Great Britain was enjoying exactly the same Free Trade as before. The fact is that by 1879, our advantages were diminishing. Germany, the United States, and other countries were becoming great manufacturing powers. Another not unimportant matter, wholly unconnected with tariffs, is change in fashion and habits, and, also, artistic skill and the study of customers' tastes. Bradford manufacturers were fearing "that grass would grow in the streets of Bradford." They visited their markets, and were told that France, not Germany, was their most serious rival. None could complete with French tastes in dress fabrics and the like. To watch the fluctuations of fashion and change machinery to cope with them is more important than tariffs.

But our competitors all had tariffs. Now came the turn of the Protectionist. Here were the United States and Germany beating us in the race: it was their tariffs that did it. But tariffs did not sow the American prairies, from which that people obtained their capital, nor did they bring to their shores hundreds of thousands of skilled artisans, nor did they build their railways. Both Germany and the United States would have become great manufacturing countries under any fiscal system.

In fact, the two countries adopted Protection for reasons unconnected with industrial development. During the war the Federal Government, being much in need of money to carry on hostilities, imposed heavy duties "for revenue only." Afterwards, finding that they were beneficial to American industries, it retained them.

Again, Bismarck, having incurred unpopularity with the Roman Catholics, and finding it necessary to seek

popularity among the agricultural and manufacturing classes, and still more because he found his revenue under the new Imperial system was inadequate, began a course of Protection. This fostered the rapidly increasing manufactures, and from time to time Germany concocted more and more "scientific" tariffs.

Thus we see that the effect of fiscal systems is greatly exaggerated by controversialists. Tariffs are potent for good or harm, but more important counteracting causes often nullify them. In 1890, for instance, Bradford thought that it had suffered a mortal blow from the McKinley Tariff. For a time the effect was unfavourable, but, as a matter of fact, Bradford was prosperous in the nineties—a contrast to the depression of the eighties. Tariffs are mechanical; they are feeble compared with moral forces. Skill, energy, enterprise, adaptability far outweigh mechanical devices. In 1914, Great Britain, though hard pressed by her competitors, was still first in abundance of capital and overseas trade. The people were disposed to think that, on the whole, their Free Trade system suited them, and there was no evidence that Protection was any impediment to the progress of foreign countries.

The exercise of the faculty of observation will show that tariffs do not make or mar. Some years ago, the present writer visited Chile and Peru, which both employed the same highly protective system. Chile was extremely prosperous, while Peru had long been depressed and was barely solvent. Chile had a relatively plentiful labour supply of good quality, and possessed the rich nitrate region which supplied the great bulk of her exports, and British and other capital was abundant. On the other hand, Peru had suffered from the disastrous war with Chile, which had led to the loss of the nitrate fields, and labour was scarce and of poor quality. Further, there was little capital to develop her rich and scantily populated territory.

It is obvious that the tariffs, equally high in both countries, had nothing to do with this contrast, and, further, every Republic in South America employs the same fiscal methods. Argentina would be rich and Ecuador poor, whatever tariffs might be adopted.

Then we see that India has been steadily adopting a more and more protective policy for many years, and yet she is richer than when she had complete Free Trade. It may be that her manufactures have benefited, but they were very prosperous in the old days. The effect is due to natural progress and development. The cost of living has increased, and this is partly due to Protection, but more to the war and to the world-wide rise in that respect.

Free Traders draw dark pictures of the distress of Protection, how the consumer is compelled to pay high prices for everything. But it has always been observed that, if anything, food is cheaper in France than in England, and families migrate from England to that country in search of cheap living. Again, Holland, one of the few countries which enjoys some sort of Free Trade, is dearer than most Continental countries, while Belgium, rigorously protected, is one of the cheapest.

Protectionists assert that their system brings about high wages. Yet in Belgium they are very low, and in France considerably lower than in England. We find, indeed, high wages in many protected countries, but here we find the same features. In Australia and New Zealand the remuneration of labour is high, and this is partly due to the fact that labour is less abundant in those countries than in England. Many commodities are dearer in Australia and New Zealand than in England, and this is the result of a comparative scarcity of capital. The same was the case in the United States till recently. Now wages are in that country the highest in the world, and this is due chiefly to her abundant capital, much of it amassed during the War, which enables her to feed enterprises at home and abroad.

Reverting to Australia, we may notice another instance to support our contention. Before Federation, Victoria had Protection and New South Wales Free Trade, and yet there was no appreciable difference in their economic condition, nor did the complete Protection, which followed Federation, cause any alteration in either State, for better or for worse.

The conclusion seems inevitable—that the effect of tariffs, whether for good or evil, is much exaggerated.

To the ardent Free Traders we may say that Free Trade England is subject to acute economic depressions, and that, compared to the United States, she has lost ground in every country in Latin-America, where once, in almost every case, she held the first place. And we may tell Protectionists that Protection descends, like the rain, upon the prosperous and the unprosperous alike. That is not strange, seeing that perhaps ninety per cent. of the nations are protectionist. And it argues a very low estimate of human intelligence to imagine that it should be almost unanimous for an injurious system, when all men can watch the rival systems at work.

No doubt the wise management of tariffs benefits a country. Few would deny that it would be unwise for France to adopt agricultural Free Trade. The uniform prosperity of her peasantry is sufficient proof. Nor would it be wise, as Mill saw, for new countries to allow their infant manufactures to be swamped by unlimited free imports. On the other hand, many countries, especially in South America, carry the system to absurd lengths, bolstering up feeble industries at heavy cost, especially to the consumer. In many cases, it is easy for wealthy manufacturers to obtain from the Legislature Protection for the article in which they are interested.

Free Trade was beneficial to England in the middle of the last century. The workshop of the world, she obtained abundant raw material and was able to produce cheaply. But it would be foolish to maintain that what was once good must inevitably remain good for all time, irrespective of all chances and changes. We pass many milestones, and wooden ships give way to iron, and iron to steel, and those who adhere to wooden methods, which were good enough for their fathers, get left behind. Experience is the touchstone of economic policy, and it is in the light of experience that any given tariff must be approved or condemned.

An Empire Currency—or a British?

By Professor J. W. Scott

In proposing a separate currency for the Empire, Mr. J. F. Darling has just missed re-formulating a great and historical, though little known, proposition of C. B. Phipson; and one is tempted to think he may only have missed it through not having made sufficiently clear to his readers, or perhaps to his own mind, what constitutes separateness in a currency.

It is a considerable merit in any case to have perceived, in opposition to so much current opinion, that Britain's use of a world currency is hurting her; and that she could and ought to have another. Chiefly, as I believe, for lack of a working notion of what makes a currency "other," Mr. Darling has stopped short of the vital point. He has not seen that any currency which Britain shares with peoples on a different plane of civilization from herself, even if they are included in the Empire, is fatal to her, while a distinctively British currency might go far to save both.

Almost the only way a writer can assist in the proper assessment of a scheme such as this, at once so important, so largely right, and yet so essentially unfinished, is to carry in his own mind, as far as possible, a just conception of the gist of it, and to let this communicate itself to the reader gradually, in the course of discussion. In adopting so risky a plan, I can at least endeavour—with whatever success—to misrepresent nothing that is essential in Mr. Darling's proposal, even if unavoidably omitting much in his argument for it.

It was perhaps natural that anyone asked by the late Lord Milner to think out how the Empire could run its own currency, should begin by taking note that something like 70 per cent. of the gold of the world is raised on Empire territory.* The thought must have leapt to the

* See Mr. Darling's Pamphlet, *The "Rex," a new money to unify the Empire* (P. S. King. 2s. net.).

mind, why not let so valuable a supply flow regularly into an Empire Bank and let this institution (*a*) supply all currency for the Empire, and (*b*) handle its various war debts?

By supplying a currency would be meant, chiefly, that the Bank was custodian of the metallic store which every note-issuing body requires as basis. Such bodies within the Empire would be the customers. Their balances at the Imperial Bank would constitute the reserves behind their notes and their credit-giving; on a principle similar to that on which the London clearing banks now have large reserves in the form of balances held at the Bank of England. The proposal is simply that there should be one super-Bank whose customers comprise the Bank of England, the Indian Government, the Canadian Government, the note-issuing banks of Canada, the Reserve Bank of South Africa, the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, the Bank of New Zealand, the other note-issuing banks in that dominion, and the Currency Commission of the Irish Free State. That the Bank should handle war debts would merely mean, in principle, that both Mother Country and Dominions habitually paid the interest on their debts by some form of drafts on the Imperial Bank.

The metallic reserve is the core of the scheme. The Bank must therefore be sure (*a*) of always getting the gold as it comes from the sources and (*b*) of always being able to keep it. This is what Mr. Darling seems to mean by rationalizing the Empire's gold supply. A great leakage is now going on. "Hundreds of millions of pounds' value of gold, much of it out of the Empire's mines, is being wasted through being dammed up in other countries instead of fertilizing the globe." The sluice which lets gold out of the Imperial Bank should be under control; and the bringing of new gold into it should be secured by legislation. The Bank should be constituted the only buyer within the Empire, and thus secure the incoming stream. And it should be empowered to raise the price of gold, when claimants were inclined to draw out over-much, thus regulating the out-going stream.

It is important to remember what exactly happens

when a bank raises the price of gold. The action consists of course, in giving more pounds for it; or more of the relevant money units whatever they may be. If there are 11,300 grains of fine gold in a hundred pounds, and the bank raises its buying price for gold, anyone depositing those grains is credited in the bank's books with £100 and something over. Similarly, when the bank increases its selling price, anyone wishing to take £100 away from the bank in gold, must, in effect, draw a cheque for something above that sum. To raise the price would thus discourage claimants on the Imperial Bank from taking out their cash in gold, and it would encourage possessors of gold, e.g. mining interests—to put it in. For a reason which will appear immediately, Mr. Darling anticipates that, although all Empire-produced gold had better be legally required to flow to the Bank, it would probably flow there in any case, owing to the manner in which this power of the Bank to raise its gold price would be exercised.

Viewed from the other side, to raise the price of gold depresses the gold value of every existing paper claim on the Bank. It means, in effect, clipping the gold piece. The arbitrary exercise of such a power would be obviously wrong. Mr. Darling proposes that the Bank should be guided in the matter by the necessity of doing something else, which he holds is called for upon independent grounds, namely "rehabilitating" silver.

Silver, as everyone knows, has been losing its value practically ever since the leading commercial countries of Europe and America adopted gold as their sole money, in and around 1873. Half the world then discontinued using silver for what had been one of its chief purposes and the step necessarily affected the other half. It glutted the market and depressed all the silver currencies of the East. The trouble Britain has had over a silver rupee which was continually losing its value, affecting all salaries paid in it, including those of British Indian Officials, is sufficiently well known. The Indian mints were closed to the coinage of silver in 1893, in the vague hope, no doubt, of making rupees scarcer. But it meant that Indian possessors of silver treasure could no

longer look upon it as potential rupees, even bad ones. The measure impoverished all the hoards. Four further Commissions have since sat and reported; and the latest, the Hilton Young Commission, commenting on the Indian Government's proposal to reduce the silver reserve, states that

> the people of India have from time immemorial placed their trust in silver as the medium of exchange and as their store of value. They are deeply interested in the value of silver bullion, and it is contrary to their interests to depreciate it. The present proposals (those of Indian Government Officials) would inflict heavy losses on the poorer classes, who have put their savings in silver ornaments, and who would find their stores of value depreciated by perhaps 50 per cent. by the action of the Government.

Mr. Darling's sympathies also are with the Indian people; and he sees an overwhelming case for rehabilitating silver by opening the mints to the free coinage of it. The reserve of the proposed Bank of the Empire is therefore to be gold *and* silver. People are to be as free to bring silver bullion as to bring gold, to the Bank. They will be credited with one Empire Pound—or "Rex," to give it its proposed name—for every 2,260 grains of silver deposited, just as they will be credited with 1 Rex for every 113 grains of gold. This move is to do more than rehabilitate the whole Eastern world. It is intended to give the Empire a distinctive currency. It will make silver, at the first, one twentieth the value of gold. It will secure, at every later period, that silver be a definite fraction of the value of gold. It may become a smaller fraction as time goes on. Not that 2,260 grains of silver will ever be worth less than a Rex. But, as we shall see, there may come to be less gold in the Rex. The Rex, therefore, by giving itself a stated relation to silver and a variable relation to gold, not only rehabilitates the treasure of the East; it constitutes itself a different standard of value from the gold standard. It is a new money. And its area of circulation is the Empire.

In order to complete our conception of Mr. Darling's proposal, let us ask why the Rex has a steady silver value and a slowly-falling—or at least a never-rising—gold value? It is because the proportion of silver to gold in

the vaults of the Imperial Bank must not be permitted to rise above 20 to 1.

Clearly, if the Bank offers to credit everyone who brings it 2,260 grains of silver, with a Rex worth 113 grains of gold, it will receive plenty of silver. The silver of the world will begin to move, in no one knows how great mass. It will not be easy to persuade the East that the value of its treasure is restored; that its silver is really once more one twentieth the value of gold. It will want demonstration. It will sell its silver. There will be a flow to the Bank. Mr. Darling does not for a moment overlook this. The way to counter it, he holds, is not to try to dam back the silver; but to let it come, and encourage the gold by giving more Rex for it; that is by letting the gold-value of the Rex slowly fall. This is to be the occasion for the Bank to exercise its power of raising the price of gold. It is to be free to raise the price offered for gold, so as to keep the gold which is in the vaults at least one twentieth of the weight of the silver there.

The scheme, therefore, will make the Rex a money unit worth a definite amount of silver. The Rex will also be worth a variable amount of gold; an amount, that is, which need not vary, but which is open to vary, from 113 grains downwards. How far the gold content may need to come down, Mr. Darling does not say. Nor does he require to. The proper answer is, as far as experience may show to be necessary in order to prevent the silver swamping the gold in the Bank.

Such is the new money unit for the Empire. It will assist us to estimate it if we ask at once how it is going to help Britain.

I put this apparently somewhat selfish question because of a belief that the disease under which Britain is labouring is detrimental to the Empire. Britain is no longer the buying-place for the Dominions, but she is still one of their chief selling places. They can only suffer from any move which is going to lead Britain into a decline. And nothing less serious than this would follow if Mr. Darling succeeded in what appears to be the aim of his proposals. Such would be the inevitable effect of asking Britain to share a distinctive currency with

250 millions of people so much poorer than herself as are the people of India—to say nothing of all the silver-using countries of the Eastern world. She already shares a common currency with many of those peoples; and the decline is in progress. But there is still a saving hitch. The flow of money and business from the richer and dearer West to the poorer and cheaper East is still a somewhat troubled flow. Mr. Darling is practically proposing to smooth the bed of this stream, and make the decline as much more rapid as it can be made. He is going to do this for Britain at any rate. He is not so concerned with the remainder of the West. When I said above, therefore, that his scheme was only unfinished, and even that it was largely right, I meant it; but I did not imply anything innocuous. It is dangerously unfinished. It is even dangerously right. This is not any paradox. To take out a man's appendix may be exactly right; but to take it only half-way out may be fatal. Better not have diagnosed so well. The serious thing about Mr. Darling is precisely that his diagnosis is so brilliant. *There must indeed be two moneys in the world.* But if you are to help Britain by that—nay, if you are to avoid striking Britain and through her the Empire a fatal blow by it—*you must make the other one British.* A new Empire money would indeed unify the Empire; but it would only do so by changing its centre of gravity; and that in a manner—I repeat the word—fatal to Britain. Moreover, the pity of it all would be that the Empire could have been unified through strengthening Britain, and by precisely the means which Mr. Darling recommends, namely a new money. If thereafter the several parts of the Empire wanted to follow suit, and also have distinctive monies, that would not hurt Britain, but only help her—and themselves—further.

Happily, however, there is no danger of those worst effects. I am criticizing on the assumption that Mr. Darling has really succeeded in devising a new money. But he has not. I am therefore only urging that the whole scheme should be carefully examined and assessed; in order that it may perhaps become once for all clear,

not what Mr. Darling's system of money would do as it stands, but what it would do for the Empire, if it were what it wants to be, really new and different from the other currencies of the world. It would do for the Empire something which in its results would be disastrous; but which, if done for Britain, might well prove the salvation both of her and the Empire.

On what conditions, then, would the proposed money be really new? What is a distinctive currency? For that is the question to which we must come back. A currency which is distinctive of an area is one which is not current except within the area, and is therefore purely merchandise if it happens to travel outside.

A currency genuinely peculiar to an area is so much merchandise to the outer world. Intrinsically, to the outsider, it is a thing with no ultimate meaning or use except as a voucher for the goods of that area. It is of use to people who are going to buy there, and can be sold as merchandise to them, fetching a price which varies simply with supply and demand; presuming, of course, that its purchasing power in its own home is steady, and the purchasing power of the money offered for it is also steady. What sort of an area, then, especially what size of an area, can adopt a common currency peculiar to itself without hurt? Could it possibly be an area such as the British Empire?

By not taking hurt from its possession of a common currency, we mean not suffering seriously by any shift in the balance of trade between one place and another within the circle. When the world has brought goods to our area and sold them, we want it to buy again. If the money for which it sold is distinctive of the area and can only be spent there, it must do so. But also, it can spend the money anywhere it pleases within the area. Now no hurt must accrue wherever in the area the world spends, so long as it spends somewhere. The circle must therefore not include lower peoples. If it does, the world will sell to the other parts and buy from these. It will obtain money by its sales in the higher places, take it to the lower, make them busy, and leave the former to wither. A currency is literally a current with a gravitational flow. If the whole of its area is approximately on a level, it circulates about indifferently, flowing

from place to place as each different thing which it is seeking to buy happens to be produced more cheaply now in one spot and now in another. If there is any marked depression in the area, any place where the development is low, especially if, as in the British Empire, there be a vast region where men of another colour and less developed race habitually work " for as many pence per day as the British workman requires shillings," the current will set, slowly at first but with accelerating pace, in that direction. It will fertilize that region, leaving the higher places to a long, agonizing struggle to get down low enough to be also watered. This is the doubtful issue now in progress between East and West. Britain cannot balance her trade. She can buy, but cannot sell. The reason why she cannot sell opposite all she buys, the reason she cannot balance her trade on account of other peoples under-cutting her, is her sharing the same currency with them. She and they, although totally different in standard of life, are competing with one another for the same pieces of gold. She can only balance her trade by getting down to a price level set by lower peoples. There is a common price level for both to get down to. Both are producing for the same currency-units. And, of course, when an Englishman and an Indian are producing for the same units, the Indian stands to win. A world currency makes a world price level, and leaves it to be determined by the poorest producers. The basic fallacy of creating a world currency was that it set all grades of civilization competing for the same thing. It induced sellers of goods to carry the money they obtained among the higher populations to the lower places. A currency must be distinctive of an area. That, Mr. Darling has seized. But there must be no lower places in the area. Otherwise the money will run into them, as it has been doing, always faster, since world-money was instituted in 1873.

If a currency be distinctive, then the people know that, if the outside world sell to them, it can only be for a money which must be spent again with them. But the area should be approximately on a level. Then the money may go out from any one place in it and come back to any other place without damage. But if the area is the British Empire, a peculiar currency will

tend to do in a still more accentuated degree what world money is already doing in a degree rapidly becoming disastrous—namely, flow into the lower reaches and starve the higher. If Mr. Darling's unit were really a distinctive money, it would facilitate, and greatly facilitate, this fatal process. It would single out the British Empire, embracing, as it does, East and West, and make it the place in which to cause a process already undermining Western civilization generally, to go on specially smoothly and fast.

But, as it stands, it is not a distinctive currency. What, then, will it do? Probably pretty much what the author expects, although this is not certain.

If we suppose the Empire as a whole to be suffering like Britain from buying too much and selling too little, then we can see very readily how the Rex is expected to help the Empire. The inflow of silver into the super-Bank is likely to force the gold-content of the Rex down; making the latter a cheaper and cheaper unit for the gold money outside to buy, and thus tempting all who have gold money to spend to buy Rex and so spend their money in the Empire. So long as the Rex in the Empire continues to buy the same or a better "basket of goods," and the gold content of the dollar, mark, franc, etc., remains intact while that of the Rex falls, the export trade of the Rex-countries must be stimulated.

What is wanted, of course, is not that exports should be temporarily artificially stimulated and then left to whatever further may happen; but that trade should be permanently balanced. They may not be so much as temporarily stimulated; because the alternative process may set in. The gold content of the unit in gold-using countries may change. If the Empire decides to clip the gold in the Rex, the United States may clip the gold in the dollar and keep its people buying at home. On the other hand, the lowering of the grains in the Rex cannot go on for ever. It must settle down eventually. Mr. Darling does not contemplate its going on for very long. I am not certain that he thinks it need begin at all. If so, the new money is from the first otiose as a stimulus to Empire exports. And even if it is not otiose from the first, it must become so, once the lower limit of the gold

in it is reached. For the working of the "lever" is not to be arbitrary. After that we are where we were. There is once more only one money in the world. Let us say, however, for the sake of argument—what is in itself likely enough—that the amount of gold contained in the Rex does fall, and that the world is for a time stimulated to buy in the Empire. The next question—the vital question which Mr. Darling has not so far raised—is, Whereabouts in this vast Empire are those outside people going to make their purchases? For the unpalatable truth is that buying in the Empire is one thing and buying in Britain quite another.

To stimulate the export trade of the Empire by using an Empire currency with a falling gold content is only to make a temporary difference; and one which, since it does not in any way specially affect the balancing of British trade, does not in any real sense unify the Empire.

Consideration of the silver-using countries would lead us to an analogous conclusion, only more emphatic. They will be stimulated to trade; but not with Britain specially, nor even with the Empire. To China, say, or India, the Rex will not become any cheaper with time. It will always have the same value. The Bank is to pay always the same number of Rexes for silver. But this is so good a price that by translating their silver into Rexes people whose possessions are mainly silver will command more goods than they have done for many long decades. The whole of the East will have its wealth—such as it had—restored. But to restore the people's wealth is one thing, and—be it said—an imperative thing; to induce them to spend it even in the Empire, to say nothing of Britain, is another. To rehabilitate their silver by making it gold will only occasion it to be spent, like other gold, in the places of lowest gold prices—that is, increasingly away from Britain. And it will continue the process of diverting even the gold earned in Britain, for tea, cotton, rice or what not, into those parts of the world where gold goes farthest. Not, be it carefully observed, to the places where things are really cheapest. That would not hurt Britain. That would mean the places where things are made with least pains and trouble. From a regime which sends money to buy there, Britain has nothing to fear. But a world-money habitually gets

itself carried not to where things are really cheapest, but to where gold goes farthest, which is quite different. And Mr. Darling has only put the East fully and unambiguously upon world-money—given it gold to spend.

To adopt the unit of a new money of account, which is worth a fixed amount of silver and a variable amount of gold, and give it to the Empire as its standard will not touch the disease from which Britain is suffering, the lack of balance in her trade. It will not even balance the Empire's trade. No money can balance the trade of an area unless it be truly distinctive thereof, i.e., not ultimately spendable elsewhere. The proposed Empire money, being gold and not an inconvertible Empire paper, is not in this sense distinctive of the Empire. Being gold, it exchanges grain for grain with every currency. The silver treasure of the East, being made a definite fraction of gold, also exchanges as if it were gold, grain for grain, with every currency. Further, even if the Imperial currency were distinctive of the Empire and did balance its trade, it would thereby only aggravate the real trouble of the Empire, the disease in the Empire's heart, the inability of Britain to induce people to buy from her as they sell to her.

On the other hand, it is surely easy to see how a really distinctive currency given to Britain would help the Empire. In that case a great, densely-populated, industrial circle, all under one law, paying the same taxes, observing one industrial code of honour and enjoying one standard of life, perhaps the highest in the world, would be using as money a system of currency notes perfectly independent of the surrounding currencies because independent of gold. When the outside world sells goods into that circle, it is for money only ultimately spendable where it was earned. There are now two monies in the world, British currency-notes and gold. Because the one is a voucher for British goods, the other automatically becomes a voucher for world goods. What difference will tend to be made in the position of the outlying peoples of the Empire, as compared with the world surrounding them, by the choice which this would put necessarily always before them, of selling their products for the one sort of voucher or the other? It would make

them feel that they belonged to the Empire. It would strengthen the existing tie of blood by an economic tie. The products of the Dominions are still largely food and raw materials. Those are still the money in their purse with which they go out into the world to buy. And England is still in a position to make the best offer in goods. Food taken to Germany, food taken to the United States, is largely coals to Newcastle. To Britain it is not. Britain needs food. She is in a position to give more for it than any other country. The Dominions will still find Britain the place in which to sell, even if they are selling for her goods only. All that Britain needs is to set her own house in order, and then leave the world to come and buy wherever they find things really cheapest. British goods are now among those having the highest gold prices. But that does not mean that her goods are dear. It only means that gold lowers its value when it comes to Britain. It raises its value when taken to so-called cheaper—really less-developed—quarters of the earth. Gold is an unstable measure. It not only changes in value from time to time. It alters in value from one place to another place on the globe. It therefore fails to record the real prices of things. If Britain had lost her trade because she could not offer value, she would have deserved to lose it. The tragedy is that she lost it while still offering the best value in the world. It was only by foolishly allowing herself *to be linked up to the same currency with poorer peoples* that she lost it.

In the late seventies, just after that act, any cargo of wheat coming to Britain, were it sold and the proceeds immediately spent on British goods, would have fetched an overwhelmingly better return-cargo of goods, than it would have fetched if taken to any other country in the world, sold there, and the proceeds immediately invested in goods there. But introduce a world currency, make British gold into a world-money, allow the bringer of this cargo of wheat first to metamorphose the wheat into world-money which he may spend anywhere, and at once the place of best value, Britain, becomes the place of dearest prices.

And why? Literally, because the world-money into which the foreign seller has been permitted to change his wheat grows more valuable in his pocket as he carries it

away from Britain. When he gets it to any place more agricultural and less industrially developed than Britain, it buys much more of goods which really cost no less pains and trouble to make; whose real value, that is to say, was not less than that of the same goods in Britain but at least as great, probably greater. Britain suffers because the standard used changes the values of things, not because she cannot offer value.

Let Britain decree that there shall be at least two monies in the world, by decreeing that her money is henceforth her manufactures. The other one must then be the world's. She will *ipso facto* be competing with the world on an even footing. She will be offering her goods against its goods, for the Empire's produce. And she will draw the Empire to her. What it has—surplus food—she needs. And if only goods are to be had for it—either British goods or world-goods—she will easily outbid the world in offering manufactures for food as she always did. She will be the place for the Empire to come to. She will still be its selling-place; and since the selling-place is necessarily the buying place for the money obtained there, whoever may actually buy with it, she will once more be both.

The reason why at present the Dominions sell to us without causing purchases to be made from us is that, *when they bring their food, they are not given a distinctively British money for it.* They are not offered an inconvertible British currency note—which, of course, they could use to buy spices in India or silks in Japan if they chose—but a convertible note which is gold, and which they can finally spend in India or Japan.

I do not know whether Mr. Darling has studied at all carefully Phipson's conception of what constitutes a distinctive currency. But buried there, amid piles of irrelevance, is something which might easily suggest to him how to do perfectly for the nation what he has aimed at, but mercifully has not succeeded in doing, for the Empire. And should he care to pursue the point further and carry out the work he has begun, his great courage in beginning may well be rewarded with a distinction worthy the envy of most men of his generation.

Ras Tafari—Negusa Nagast of Abyssinia

By Niger Nilus

Two years ago, on 28th Maskarram, 1921, according to the Ethiopian calendar, or 7th October, 1928, European style, when the Empress Zaudita (Judith) handed to her cousin, Ras Tafari Makonnen, the Sword of State, a crown similar to her own, and, in order to distinguish him from the other provincial rases (governors), conferred on him the title of Negus, people who were acquainted with the internal politics of Abyssinia had a shrewd suspicion that powerful pressure had been applied to induce her to tolerate such an invasion of her imperial prerogatives. That she resented it was, perhaps, but natural; and, womanlike, she was unable to resist the temptation of emphasizing the fact that she was still the Empress. In bestowing the symbols of kinghood, she made use of the words: " I pray that the Divine Creator will *one day* permit you to wear the Imperial Crown."

The " one day " came with the death of the Empress, six months ago. Like Queen Victoria, whom she much admired, and whom, in some respects, she resembled, the poor, driven Negista Nagustat passed away, while her country was in the throes of war. Ras Tafari became the Negusa Nagast; and the old tradition was maintained that the Conquering Lion of Judah should wade through blood to his throne.

For the last fourteen years the Ras Tafari, now about to be crowned as the Emperor Haeli Selassie I, has been, for all practical purposes, though subject to the irritating restrictions of dual control, the virtual ruler of the country. Even now, however, his position will be by no means an easy one. With the disappearance of Zaudita, the ignorant priests, opposed to all progressive movements, and a large number of conservative noblemen with feudal ideas, have lost the pawn they were able to move at their will on the political chessboard; but that does not mean that their policy has been altered or their power broken.

It may be recollected that, when Ras Tafari received his elevation in rank, there was an attempt at a *coup d'état*, the suppression of which was rendered easily

possible because of the existence of a secret, but highly organized, system of espionage in the capital. Though the plot was defeated, it served to show that neither the heir to the throne nor his advancement in dignity commanded universal, popular approval.

In spite of the fact that Ras Tafari's coronation is imminent, and that he has already been formally placed on the throne by the Abuna, the head of the Ethiopian Church, and, the *kerempt* (the rainy season) being over, will make the customary post-coronation pilgrimage of the sovereign to Axum, the Holy City of Abyssinia, there still remains one focus round whom malcontents may assemble. This is the imprisoned Lidj (Prince) Yasu, the dethroned Emperor, who was never crowned, who is somewhat younger than Ras Tafari.

He lost his crown for two different reasons; first, because he displayed marked Mohammedan tendencies—easily accounted for by the fact that his father, Ras Michael, was the Governor of Wollo Galla, the Mohammedan province—and he acquired a harem, thus flagrantly insulting the tenaciously held Christian religion of the country; and, secondly, because, having coquetted with Turkey and Germany during the Great War, he aroused the suspicions of the representatives of the allied Powers at Addis Ababa, who took active measures to secure his removal. As the result of their representations he was solemnly excommunicated by the Abuna in 1916, and afterwards dethroned. The Waziru (Princess) Zaudita was then brought out of her ignominious captivity in the Gebbi (Palace), where, it is said, she had to perform menial tasks; and the daughter of Menelik, by his first marriage, replaced his grandson as the Elect of God, while Ras Tafari, who had played an important part in the overthrow of Lidj Yasu, was assumed as heir to the Throne.

It must not be overlooked, however, that Yasu still enjoys a considerable amount of prestige in the country. There are always those, of course, whom a sense of loyalty, or sentiments of chivalry, will hold faithful to a fallen monarch. More important are those whose allegiance is retained for Yasu, because, unlike Ras Tafari, he is of the imperial blood, is a direct descendant of Menelik himself, and was expressly nominated as his heir by that

monarch. That Lidj Yasu did not lose his head when he lost his throne is due to an old Abyssinian law that no prince shall be deprived of life for a political offence, but shall be kept in honourable confinement. Let Lidj Yasu but give pledges that he will renounce all traffic with Islam, that he will conform to the ancient national faith, and that he will uphold the traditional customs and manners of the people, and there is no saying how many priests and nobles, forgetful of his former apostasy—which will be attributed to the folly of youth and the contamination of early surroundings—may rally to his support.

Though the Abuna is the titular Head of the Church, he is a mere figurehead, and is, invariably, an Egyptian monk of the Coptic Church, elevated to the highest dignity in the Ethiopian hierarchy for the express reason that a foreigner, ignorant alike of the commonly spoken language of the country, which is Amharic, while Geez is the language of sacerdotal ritual, and of its politics, will be unable to meddle in matters of State. His immediate subordinate is the Itchegi, who wields the real priestly power, is the actual ruler of the clerical caste, that has been computed to comprise from one-quarter to one-third of the total adult male population, and is a native of the country. The priesthood, then, it will be readily understood, is no mean body of influence for the Sovereign of the land to have either for him or against him. The priests, almost to a man, and for obvious reasons, headed by the Itchegi, are reactionary, and entirely inimical to reforms of any kind.

The inveterate hostility of the landed proprietor class to utilitarian improvements is amply illustrated by the following incident, narrated to the writer, two years ago in Abyssinia, by a Frenchman long resident in the country. Visiting a provincial ras at his ancestral domain, this Frenchman observed innumerable yoke of oxen ploughing up the fertile land, and suggested that the work might be much more expeditiously done, with more economic result, by a couple of motor-ploughs. The old gentleman snorted his indignation. "Motor ploughs, indeed. These would cost me money, new-fashioned abominations that they are. I do not know that they would do the work as well, and, in any case, I can call

on all my people to plough every acre of land I possess before they turn a single furrow for themselves. Their labour does not cost me a *besa* (a coin of the smallest value), so why should I buy motor ploughs?"

The serfs, *adscripti glebae*, are ignorant that better implements than their own primitive contraptions exist; nor, suspicious of change as the peasant is the world over, would it be an easy matter to convince them of the superiority of modern agricultural tools. Apart altogether from the natural indolence, which is a pronounced characteristic of all Abyssinians, these humble peasants have little inducement to do more than produce the irreducible minimum required for subsistence. For, when any Ethiopian grandee, or an official of rank moves across the country, a system of forced benevolences comes into operation, and, as is usual in such cases, the bottom dog, in this instance the peasant, is the first and the severest sufferer. It is for that reason that the immediate vicinity of the mountain-tracks, and the neighbourhood of mule-trails are innocent of human habitations; but on the tops of the scarcely accessible mountains you will see, sprouting like fungi, their circular, mud-walled, grass-thatched *tukuls*, resembling gigantic mushrooms.

Ras Tafari, on the other hand, is sympathetic to progress; but is thwarted, as much as it dares openly, and where it dares not openly, then clandestinely, by the priesthood; by the type of proprietor already described, within his sphere of influence; and throughout the country by the apathy and distrust of the peasantry.

Ras Tafari's first act, less than an hour after landing at Aden eight years ago—the first time he had ever left his own country—was to make an ascent in an aeroplane, to the affrighted dismay of his attendants, and to the disgusted indignation of the conservatives in Abyssinia, when they learned of his exploit. It was something more than an innocent prank, this gesture of the Ras; it betokened something of the spirit of defiance; for, at that time, and indeed, until the day of her death, the Empress would not tolerate, either in, or over the country, aircraft of any description. It is interesting to note, as an early symptom of the liberal tendencies that are likely to inform the new regime, that the Ras Tafari has already acquired one or two aeroplanes, some of which played

their part in quelling the disturbances that ushered in his reign. There is every possibility that those aeronautic excusions, envisaged so long ago by Johnson in the Happy Valley, will now be undertaken by some Abyssinian Prince, with, let us hope, less disastrous results than attended the early efforts of Rasselas.

The Ras Tafari, accompanied by some of the great nobles of the country, has made the grand tour of the European capitals, but there is little evidence, outside the capital, Addis Ababa, that the marvels of the west—to us, of course, the commonplaces of life—have so laid hold of their imaginations that they have been induced to import them wholesale into their country. There is no doubt, however, that the tour has made some impression, and the influence of it will doubtless be felt later on.

The Ras's father was Ras Makonnen, a nephew, on the distaff side, of Menelik. He was an enlightened man, and a sound official, who was the Governor of the rich Harrar Province, to which Sir Richard Burton once made one of his temerous journeys. The owner of extensive estates, he was highly esteemed by his uncle, and until his untimely death occurred, he was regarded as the probable heir of the Ethiopian Cæsar. Ras Tafari, therefore, in taking Lidj Yasu's place is but succeeding to the full heritage that might have been his father's, had the latter lived to succeed to the throne

Ras Tafari received an education on European lines from the French monks in the town of Harrar, which means " the city of terror." He lived, until he went to the Imperial Gebbi, perched on an eminence in the centre of Addis Ababa, where it can be seen from all quarters of the town, in a secluded park on the outskirts of the capital. He drives abroad in a motor-car, though he has not been unobserved on a mule, richly caparisoned with gold trappings. He has a private cinematograph for the entertainment of his guests, takes in the leading European newspapers and illustrated weekly journals, keeps a French chef, dines off gold plate on State occasions, and is, withal, curiously un-European in some respects. Thus, it is related that when the Duke of the Abruzzi visited Ethiopia some years ago, the Ras built a small palace for the accommodation of his Royal guest, and only remembered the day before his arrival that he had

but a native bed, made of a wooden frame-work with interlaced thongs of raw hide, for his visitor to sleep in. Vainly he ransacked the stores in Addis Ababa for a more dignified couch, and finally had to commandeer, by cajolery or bribery, a brass bedstead from his Armenian Chief of Police, whose mother used to weave carpets at the Gebbi, which Zaudita was in the habit of bestowing, as marks of imperial favour, on those who had commended themselves to her.

As Regent, Ras Tafari did not, by any means, enjoy universal respect in the country. Many of the provincial rases looked on him with a jealous eye, and regarded themselves as, in no respect, inferior to him in dignity. Some of them, within their own provinces, refused to recognize the passports issued to foreigners in his name. In this connection it may be recalled that when Sir Geoffrey Archer, a former Governor-General of the Sudan, and an Indian Maharajah were on a hunting *safar* in the south of the country, a few years ago, one of their supply caravans was attacked and cut to pieces. This, however, may have been due to the deep distrust of all foreigners that is so easily observable in Abyssinians.

This suspicion of the foreigner, a heritage from Menelik, who looked with a cynical eye on the European Missions that flocked to the country from interested Powers after he had made himself its master, was equally shared by Zaudita and Ras Tafari. The two countries that are most feared are Italy and Great Britain, quite naturally, for it is the frontiers of colonial possessions of these two Powers that mainly isolate Abyssinia on the mountain tops. The French colony of Somaliland abuts on the Ethiopian boundary to a trifling extent in comparison; yet it is through French Somaliland that Abyssinia gains access to the sea at Jibuti, though she was denied the special shipping facilities she desired at that port. Even if it were desirable to have a branch from the main line running through British Somaliland to Zeila, the project is not feasible until there has been revision of the international agreement that gave France interests in the east of Ethiopia, and confined British interests to the west. North of French Somaliland, the Italian colony of Eritrea interrupts Ethiopia's free passage to the Red Sea; south of it

British and Italian Somaliland block the way to the Indian Ocean. The Sudan stands the whole length of the western frontier; and in the south Kenya Colony intervenes between her and the interior of the continent.

Adowa led the Abyssinians to despise the Italians; but the effect of Italy's renascence, greatly quickened by the genius of Mussolini, has not escaped them, and they view, with nervous apprehension, the encroaching hand of Italy on the east coast of Africa. The lesson taught them at Magdala by Napier, though French writers have tried to belittle it, is not forgotten, for it was their first, as it is their only, military humiliation at the hands of a foreign Power. The summary frustration by Kitchener, at Fashoda, of the projected plan of a great French belt across the African continent from Dakar to Djibouti, was also not without significance for them.

On the other hand, the French ammunition and rifles that enabled the Abyssinians to inflict defeat on the Italians, have been paid for by the concession of the Franco-Ethiopian railway, of which the fine new terminal station at the capital was formally opened, only last December, in the presence of the Empress and the Regent, which was probably the last public appearance they made together.

Ethiopia is further indebted to France for the successful efforts she made to secure Abyssinia's admission, in spite of much opposition, in which the present Viceroy of India played a part, to the League of Nations. The price paid for this concession was a promise to abolish slavery, of which much was heard some months ago when Lady Simon's book was published. Of the grosser forms of that nefarious trade there is nothing to be seen at the capital, though there is ample evidence of the same kind of benevolent, domestic slavery that exists in the New Calabar settlements in British West Africa, and is known as the "House" system. That there is slavery of the worst kind in the remoter provinces of Abyssinia cannot be denied; but, as Ras Tafari has pointed out, its complete suppression must be a matter of time. He, personally, is much opposed to it.

If the country is to be opened up, and its natural

resources developed, foreign capital, brains and enterprise will be required. The information, even now available, shows that its wealth is considerable; what riches an exhaustive survey of the country would reveal it is impossible to say. In the Shankala country there are rich, alluvial, auriferous deposits. Small quantities of the metal are available for the local manufacture of ornaments, but gold-digging, on an extensive scale, has not yet been undertaken, and prospectors, in the past, have found themselves hampered by all sorts of restrictions. A story is told of one man who, having obtained permission at the capital to search for gold, found himself two months later at a likely spot. With the utmost difficulty he convinced the local magnate of his right to prosecute the search. Leave was grudgingly given to begin work, but he was kept under the strictest surveillance all the time. Having located the precious metal, he was about to carry off specimens of the ore, but was instantly stopped. His permit allowed him to search, but not to lift or remove. Persuasion was useless, threats impracticable, strategy detected; so he had to remain where he was till a new permit could be obtained, some months later, with a further concession to lift what he had found. But not yet were his troubles at an end. Though he might now lift the gold he was not allowed to carry it out of the district; the bond did not so specify. History does not relate what the prospector did, but the tale, even if apocryphal, illustrates at once how suspicious of strangers Abyssinians are, and under what difficulties the development of the country will have to be carried out.

In Tigré, there are mines of potash and rock-salt; in the south, on the confines of the desert, there are valuable layers of mica; while naphtha, copper, lead and iron are found elsewhere.

Coffee, rivalling that of Mocha, for which it is sometimes sold, is grown in Harrar, and exported to Arabia, whence it is sent to the markets of Europe. Incidentally, coffee is said to derive its name from the Keffi Hills in Ethiopia, where it was first discovered. Wheat, maize, tobacco, the castor-oil plant and cotton, which is woven locally into the material with which the natives clothe themselves, are other useful, economic crops. This

native cotton has now a serious competitor in the cheap *abou-gedid* (cotton lengths) imported from Japan. Manchester cotton is rarely or never seen despite its much superior quality; its price is against it.

In the lower altitudes tropical fruit is abundant, but as little attention is paid to its cultivation—for the Abyssinians are not themselves a fruit-eating people—its quality leaves something to be desired. In the higher altitudes—Addis Ababa is eight thousand feet above sea-level—fruit and vegetables are difficult to obtain, and what one does get is of poor quality. Throughout the country there grows a species of agave, from the fibre of which cordage can be manufactured.

There are immense herds of cattle, and lasts of hides are exported in enormous quantities to European tanneries. Ivory is another valuable export, and a considerable trade is done in bees' wax.

At the hotel at Diré-Daoua, the writer encountered the collector-representative of a London firm of dealers in wild animals, so that the very fauna are made to contribute to the national wealth.

The danger of allowing concessionaires into the country to exploit these, and whatever other riches there may be, is genuinely feared by the inhabitants, who are afraid, not only that they will lose control of the economic resources, but that cupidity and jealousy will be excited to an extent that will be subversive of native customs, habits and manners. More, they scent in the advent of the foreign trader and capitalist a menace to their long cherished national independence.

Faced with the not impossible attempt that the adherents of Lidj Yasu may make to render his position uneasy, and with undoubted difficulty, in spite of his own personal good-will, in the way of developing the country for the ultimate good of the inhabitants, the man, who is on the eve of being crowned King of Kings of Ethiopia, will have a difficult task in guiding the destinies of his indolent, turbulent, and haughty subjects; and in assuming the sole burden of the cares of State, he may find that he has to pay a heavy price for a weary heritage. To pay that price with dignity, with self-sacrifice, with gallantry, and with wisdom, is the test of sovereignty.

Some French Memories

By Richard FitzWalter

ORLEANS CATHEDRAL, which we saw the other day, between visits to Chartres and Bourges, is only—in its interior—a degree less wonderful than they. Its glass is beautiful and abundant, its proportions perfectly harmonious. But what must bring the English visitor to a stand before all else is the memorial, painted with the arms of Britain, which has lately been unveiled there to "a million British dead." It stands close to a side-chapel which the French are building to Saint Joan.

The significance of this memorial—in Orleans, the Maid's own city—Orleans, which

> tore the lions out of England's coat,

starts many a chain of memory. For me, it sent my mind harking back to happenings of the war years and the years after, the period—unlike anything else in history—of our strange companionship with France.

That period has now closed: the withdrawal from the Rhine the other day marked its official termination. There are some, perhaps, who are, in a sense, relieved. To many a Saxon Englishman—soldier and politician alike—the association with the French at times was irksome. It needed something of a Norman strain, perhaps, to understand them.*

I remember how, in 1919, when the victorious French cavalry reached the Rhine, in a gesture full of symbolism, they dipped their standards in its waters. They did the selfsame thing again the other day, just before their departure, and the act—unthinkable in the case of British officers—exemplifies the difference between us.

In a hundred little ways this difference used to show itself in the war years and afterwards. One recalls with uneasiness how, in the beginning of the war, a French officer would enter a room in which a dozen British officers were standing, and remain in the doorway at the salute, looking vainly round for an acknowledgment. Discourtesy never was intended, but a little explanation made in the right quarter could so easily have put things

* Since this article was written, the whole nation has been stirred by the wonderful sympathy of the French which the disaster to the R 101 evoked.

right. Then, I remember the British general who, understanding no word of their language, used at "conferences" with our Allies to puff at his pipe and emit a loud guffaw whenever a remark was made to him.

It helped the French to seize upon any chance of doing things picturesquely, where such a chance would only have bothered us. I remember being summoned to the disused drawing-room of a *château* in which we had established our headquarters during the Allied advance towards the end of the war—one of a dozen or so of hastily collected officers—to witness the presentation, by a distinguished French general, of a high decoration to our chief.

We stood round the wall, while the generals faced each other. Blue was short and stout, khaki tall and spare. When he had successfully pinned the decoration in its place, the little man drew his sword, and saluted smartly with it. Then he pulled the purple visage down to him and kissed it on both cheeks.

There was, for many, an awkwardness in dealing with the French which the presence here and there of a de-insularized Englishman could always lessen. An imagination not repressed could generally put him very speedily on terms with the French. And how well it was worth the getting on such terms!

Memory flits haphazard from incident to incident. The taking-over, on the Somme, of some trenches in 1915—an Irish battalion in relief of a French one. Clinking of glasses in the *cagna* (or dug-out); healths drunk in good Cointreau; a light-hearted, though none the less thorough, perambulation of the trenches—their front line barely a score of yards from *les Boches*. Glee over the subaltern from Galway who thought *fil-de-fer* meant "field of fire," and said it was good enough for him.

An earlier memory still—of "First Ypres" this time—and a huge officer of Cuirassiers arriving at our Advanced Headquarters in the field, unbuckling his cuirass and standing it against a tree-stump, before joining us at "table." In the same "First Ypres" there was the *Officier de Liaison* who, having spent the day in the midst of heavy shelling, had returned to the comparative shelter of Divisional Headquarters for a rest. We paced up and down in the twilight, he and I, under

some trees, and he said, with a sigh, "Oh, my dear X, let us talk about music, poetry and love, and forget all about this stupid war!"

If many of one's pleasant wartime memories have food and drink connected with them, such is kindly human nature. Memory goes far afield for its next landing—a Macedonian valley at Eastertide, and in the little township of Nigrita (ravaged by successive Balkan wars, and now deserted)—a British reconnaissance party of young officers, with horses, mules and camp kit. We found that the only habitable building was already taken by a detachment of Chasseurs. They entertained us without stint, hastily organizing a little "entente" festival. I have the menu of that dinner still.

Three years after the Armistice the British Army was still helping to police Europe. To keep the peace in Upper Silesia, while a plebiscite of the inhabitants was being taken, several battalions were despatched there. Unfortunately, some Polish scallywags had broken out into rebellion in what was still Reich territory, and had committed many excesses. The task of holding the scales evenly, and of impartially repressing disorder, from whichever side it came, presented no peculiar difficulties to our men, who had no quarrel with anybody once the war was over; but to the desperately logical and partisan French it was a very different matter. In all sincerity they received us—we had come to the country after they had—with such terrible accounts of "Boche" atrocities as might have prejudiced us gravely. *"Ce sont des énergumènes"* they kept repeating about the German volunteers—though I am bound to say that anything we saw of a reprehensive nature was almost always provided by the other side.

We got on famously, however, and without friction. British and French, we messed together in the *Schloss* at U——, thereby gaining an experience such as can have fallen to the lot of few units of our Army. As a body, of course, we met chiefly at meals; and the differences of habit with regard to meals were as interesting to study as were those which obtained in drill and manœuvre. The midday *déjeuner*—so sacrosanct in France—with its succulent roast veal, excellent vegetables, and plentiful *pinard,* was well enough; but, by the younger British

officers, and, of course, the promotions from the ranks, the absence of a substantial breakfast was felt immediately, and, after representations had been made, this was added to the programme.

I was despatched with my commando to take over a certain village which was caught between the hostile lines of Poles and Germans. Strict orders had been issued that we were to manifest the solidarity which existed between the Allies, on every possible occasion. To this end, no French patrol was ever to stir abroad without a *quid pro quo* from us, and *vice versa*. The result was that, for probably the first time in history (unless, indeed, it happened in the Crimea), French *sous-officiers* directly commanded British soldiers, and British N.C.O.s fell-in and marched off French patrols and picquets. Through the accident of seniority, I found myself in command of the Allied forces in that village, and the situation necessitated the posting of mixed picquets on the surrounding heights. The picquets on the western heights were to watch the Germans, those on the eastern heights the Poles; and, as events turned out, the picquets on the eastern side would hardly have reduced the "nights in bed," had the British not been there.

This same uncompromising logic was again amusingly demonstrated, a few weeks later, in a little country town close by. I had been sent with my detachment to garrison it, and the thought occurred to me that a Sunday afternoon in summer would be an excellent occasion for promoting friendliness between Poles and Germans (who, though their armed forces had gone home, were still living in a state of tension) if I had recourse to music instead of arms. Accordingly I had had the regimental band sent out from headquarters to play in the town square.

In consultation with the bandmaster, I had arranged a fine and impartial programme of Wagner and Chopin, Chopin and Wagner; and this was in process of being given, when down the street there clattered the advance party of a French "flying column," complete with *mitrailleuses* and steel.

Into the sunshine of that old Silesian square the inhabitants had gradually been creeping—rather as rabbits will creep out of a warren if you sit still and watch them.

The "flying column" (and it was turned out to perfection) had been touring the countryside, sent up from G.Q.G., its mission being to keep the peace by a stern display of war. I quite expected that the rabbits would flick round and scuttle for their burrows; but, charmed by the music, they stopped still. And when the "flying column" had comprehended the efficacy of my peaceful methods of persuasion, it departed suddenly—without saying good-bye.

Some of the most compelling memories of those years have to do with post-war Verdun. In the winter of 1922, a party of British officers went from Upper Silesia and the Rhine to a tour of the 1870 battlefields and Verdun. The 1870 battlefields were taken first, and that portion of the programme formed such a contrast to the second that each might have dealt with a totally different abstraction. Not that we failed to be impressed by the ferocity and deadliness of those earlier encounters; but battles then still had their beginning and their end, were clear-cut, and there still was some pomp and panoply in war. . . .

We had a very smart young French staff officer to act as guide. There was a deal of standing about—especially towards the end at Verdun—on icy crests and slopes in the east wind. This French officer (and others who joined us from time to time) dispensed entirely with a greatcoat—trim and debonair in his well-cut uniform—while we were muffled up and greatcoated, and clad in every kind of "trench coat."

To tell a lot of foreigners—though they be allies—one's tale of muddle and defeat can never be a grateful task. On this occasion, certainly, it was facilitated by the fact of subsequent victory; also, it was full of episodes of valour and devotion. But, making these allowances, it was a difficult thing to do—to tell what really happened—and with admiration we agreed that the task had been performed with fairness, restraint and dignity.

At Mars-la-Tour, we saw the monument, erected by French hands, which shows a dying French soldier—killed on the battlefield—dropping his musket into the grasp of his stripling son. His gaze is fixed eastwards. A fine monument of "Revanche." But, British-like, we had to note that, during those fifty years of German occupation, this monument had not been inter-

fered with: there it still was—where the erstwhile victors had allowed it to be placed—when Time *had* brought revenge.

Of our first visit to Verdun, two things remain most clearly in the memory. One is the expedition to Fort Vaux; the other, the banquet which the French Army gave us in the Citadel.

It was freezing hard as we assembled in the little temporary station of Fleury, waiting for the train that was to take us to the foot of the hill of Vaux. Groups of countryfolk were waiting, too, and warming themselves at braziers. Their talk was mostly of the repatriation measures which Government was taking to restore them to the land—the riven, ghastly land which stretched bare and bleak around us. One man, I remember, recounted how a friend of his had had a leg blown off a day or two before owing to the explosion of a "dud" shell, and the recital did not seem to occasion any particular concern.

We climbed to Vaux by scrambling paths between the craters. They were slippery with frozen snow and ice, and often it was easier to drop down into a trench, and so progress, than to attempt to keep the open. By some rare and curious process, the frost had coated every object with a film of ice, which kept exactly to its shape. Tall, rank grasses were most beautifully enshrined in icy caskets. Each twig was magnified in crystal.

Outwardly, Vaux was nothing but a ruin, torn and twisted; but its casemates and subterranean passages, though blackened by explosion and scarred by flame and gas, were more or less intact. A maintenance party of a few young soldiers was even living in it, unutterably forlorn. . . . Vaux had been the scene of dreadful carnage, taken and many times retaken. . . . Great deeds were told us, and great names spoken. We heard the story of Raynal's heroism—Raynal who held the fort with a handful of men, for many days without food or water, against obliterating shelling. We heard, too, how—a little human touch in all that inhumanity—the news of his having gained the highest distinction which France had to give was conveyed to him in prison by the Crown Prince.

With smoking lanterns, we followed our guide along evil-smelling passages, and, in the deepest part of the

interior, we came upon what had been a little chapel. The wooden altar was still there, and stands of miniature tricolours nailed to the clammy walls.

Daylight was fading when we emerged again, and, as we started to descend the hill, snow began to fall. The battlefield prospect was indescribably dreary and repellant. The only things which moved upon it, save ourselves, were some shreds of camouflage, rotting upon poles. They rattled in the breeze like bones.

The banquet in the Citadel was an affair of unalloyed enjoyment. It took place in one of the many long, vaulted underground chambers with which this mighty Vauban work abounds.

We sat down together, French and British, to the number of about fifty. The walls were hung with the flags and shields of both nations, placed alternately. Toasts were exchanged, speeches made—upon our side in, oh, what French!—and all was bonhomie and goodwill. But I think our hosts were somewhat puzzled by the vociferous singing of "They are jolly good fellows," which goes to their tune, *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en-guerre*, ridiculing the great Marlborough.

My second visit to Verdun took place last year, when I accompanied a party from the Army of the Rhine. It was to constitute very nearly the last official piece of intercourse between the two armies, and on a more solemn note the association could not have ended.

On this second occasion, one was able to see things in better perspective than on the first one, and in it the grandeur of the Verdun epic was enhanced rather than diminished. The town has repaired its ruins with gleaming buildings, finely conceived and executed. But the heights which bore the brunt of fighting are still ravaged, although Nature has clothed their nakedness with a little verdure, and, in places, there exists some cultivation. It was later in the year than on the occasion of our previous visit, and blackthorn blossom everywhere powdered the regrown spinneys, where before there had been snow. Again, as on the former visit, we were allotted excellent guides, whose expositions of the various phases of the fighting were models of clearness and exactness.

And of fairness, too. Surely no British officer who heard it will ever forget the moment, on the crest of

Douaumont, when the French narrator—telling the story of Lieutenant von Brandis's *coup-de-main* in taking the fort for Germany—concluded an electrifying recital with the words: *"Messieurs, c'était un homme!"*

A famous general had travelled from French Headquarters at Mayence to do the honours for us. He had defended Verdun during one of the most critical periods of the war. And now, in a few words—taking up for some trenchant minutes the thread of our guide's discourse—he put before us the story of the last great German onslaught, the staying of it, and the final French *riposte*. In a telling aside, he told us how, as a young officer, he had been in charge of this very fort of Douaumont—which looked down then upon green valleys, and was the latest thing in fortresses. He had lived to see it tossed about from one side to the other, a riven thing, only a unit in the vast system under his control. When he had finished speaking, we moved over the counterscarp of the fort and across to the other face. Quite naturally and unaffectedly, the General withdrew into an embrasure apart to pay his tribute of a tear or two to the memory of his son, killed on that spot. Presently he rejoined us, wiping his eyes in an ample cotton handkerchief . . . An English general could not have done this. And yet, how many English generals could do what this same Frenchman did at a big review of British troops? Bands playing "God save the King" and "La Marseillaise"; flags broken at mast-heads; steel-tipped ranks crashing to the "Present." The great man descends from his car, and proceeds to mount his warhorse, which is steadied by an orderly on either side. When half-way to the saddle, with his leg still in critical process of clearing it, he catches the eye of the attendant British A.D.C.—whom he has never seen before—and *winks*.

In a commanding position on the ridge of Douaumont has just been completed, after years of labour, the *Ossuaire*, or place of sepulture of unidentified remains. It is France's equivalent of our Cenotaph; but, far from being empty, it is crammed with dead. It takes the form of a beacon, rising from the centre of a long vaulted structure, which is solidly built in stone. Within this structure are arcades and galleries and echoing passages, and all the walls are polished and of great thickness.

In the programme which had been arranged for our visit to the battlefields, the opportunity for a little act of homage had been included, and suddenly we found ourselves engaged in its performance.

Somewhere down in the interior of the monument (the contrast of those next few minutes to all that had gone before was so sharp as to bewilder) we were insensibly drawn and marshalled—20 British officers—into a place of a myriad lights and flowers, the *chapelle ardente* of a vision. One had an impression of a rounded hall, all white and set with gems, and, wherever the gems were clustered thickest, was an altar. Altars were ranged all round the circuit of the walls—one for each portion of the battlefield—and at every altar's foot there was a tomb, draped with a Tricolour, which held the unknown bones:

*"Les ossements ne seront pas mêlés, comme dans la plupart des ossuaires existants, mais réunis selon les secteurs où ils ont été trouvés, en une cinquantaine de tombeaux particuliers. Cette disposition permettra à ceux qui pleurent un disparu de s'agenouiller sur une tombe déterminée avec l'espérance que ses restes sont là."**

Even as we waited, little groups of mourners kept arriving. . . . Very reverently, our General placed the British Army wreath on one of the altars. . . . And somehow, as one stood there those few moments, all the anguish and despair of France, in that long struggle, seemed to come down and crush one.

The summer of 1929 slid by on the Rhine—the last one spent together by French and British Armies. "Evacuation" came, and a sundering of old ties. The great adventure was only now, after fifteen years, to end.

On the platform of Treves station, a Chasseur band and trumpeters. Groups of officers in the loved horizon-blue. Our train comes to a stand, while our soldiers cheer, and cheer again.

The trumpets toss their tassels in the air, as the fanfares sound.

And presently, in Moselle wine, at snowy tables, we pledge remembrance.

* Extract from the Michelin guide-book, written before the completion of the monument.

Lord Chesterfield

By L. J. Lloyd

TIME, and Dr. Johnson, have been a little hard on the fourth Earl of Chesterfield. He has never been able to get past the Preface to the Dictionary, and that came out in 1755. Since then he has generally been regarded as the enemy *par excellence* of true talent and honest industry: to those who read histories of literature he has made little appeal, almost totally obscured by the bulk of the great lexicographer. Miss Pinkerton is only one among many. Johnson is above our malice, but there are perhaps few of his admirers who would have cared to dine with him, and that there was a side to his character which was neither pleasant nor admirable it is impossible to deny. The unfortunate thing is that it is just this side of Johnson's character which Chesterfield saw, and which made him unable to appreciate his great humanity and width of mind. To Chesterfield, Johnson must have appeared as a portentous epitome of all those roughnesses of demeanour against which he spent a large part of his life warning Philip Stanhope, and he can hardly be censured for lack of prophetic vision. It is Chesterfield's misfortune that he failed to realize that the uncouth and downright person who waited in his anteroom of a morning was a bigger man than himself, but it is nothing more than misfortune. His mistake was that he offered to sponsor the Dictionary when it was practically completed. He should have kept out of it, and his action was a tactical error of which one would hardly have thought him capable. At any rate, he has paid dearly enough for it.

The impression of Chesterfield which one obtains from the Letters is, in fact, strikingly attractive. Whether or not they were ever intended for publication is no great matter. Their formality is, in any case, inevitable. Chesterfield *en pantoufles* was the rarest of sights. But it would be difficult to obtain a clearer or more balanced view of the eighteenth century than that which the Letters afford. Urbanity, and that of an exquisite kind, was in those days nothing of an illusion. It did seem as though the business of living had at last been brought into some species of order. It will not do to write it down merely as mutual self-deception, or to regard it as a purely artificial product. A survey of contemporary

culture in France will do a good deal to illuminate the phenomenon in England, but it will not explain it, and it is hardly likely to happen again.

In their kind the Letters are probably the best things in the language. Horace Walpole, who knew what he was talking about, preferred them to those of Madame de Sévigné, and it is difficult to see what more he could have said. The moralist will certainly find in them a good deal of unmoral and narrow counsel, and it is at once easy to see how much Chesterfield's considered and dispassionate survey is apt to leave out, and how arid and falsely practical his advice may become in inexpert hands. But no one can deny to Chesterfield a vast fundamental generosity and a nature of a most affectionate and sympathetic sort. When he ends a letter to Philip in these words, he means what he says:—

"Such are the rewards that always crown virtue, and such are the characters [he had been talking of Curius and Scipio] that you should imitate if you would become a great and a good man, which is the only way to be a happy one. Adieu."

Chesterfield is not posing, and this attitude is maintained consistently. It sums up his firm and constantly reiterated belief that nothing of any lasting value is to be obtained from the misery of others, and that happiness and ease of mind are the primary considerations. With his method of obtaining happiness one may or may not agree, but nowhere does he suggest that worldly success is the only talisman. He had tried most kinds of success himself, and he constantly reminds Philip that he must ultimately face his own soul and take stock of his own mind. If, then, a man can never escape from himself, he will do well if his energies are directed towards making this constant companion pleasant and instructive rather than a source of shame or ennui.

It is in the elaboration of this system of self-advancement and self-defence that the genius of Chesterfield most clearly displays itself. The Letters cover an amazingly wide field, and he would have Philip made conversant with everything which might help him to become a more useful and successful member of society. "The world," he says, "must be your grammar." Languages, politics, law and history are pressed into service, brought into review and commented

upon, and behind the comment lies Chesterfield's vast experience and far from negligible scholarship.

A liking for thoroughness is not usually regarded as an eighteenth century characteristic, but Chesterfield's maxim,

"Approfondissez; go to the bottom of things. Anything half-done, or half-known is, in my mind, neither done nor known at all," is not so isolated a phenomenon as one might suppose. He appears to have done little, academically speaking, at Trinity Hall, but the extent of his reading is amazing, and in an age when quotations from the Classics ornamented all oratory, Chesterfield's allusions were remarkable for their appositeness and grace. There is a fundamental groundwork of solid reading underlying the polished commonplaces which seem to come to him so easily. "Commonplaces" is an ungrateful term, since his judgments are really acute and still retain an awkward propensity for drawing blood.

"If people had no vices but their own, few would have so many as they have."

"Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces, a certain manner, a *je ne sçais quoi,* still more engaging than beauty."

One feels instinctively that all this has been heard before, but Chesterfield's clarity and directness give an added pungency to the familiar cynicisms. The observations of a singularly full and active life are condensed in remarks of this type, and it would be strange if there were nothing memorable among them.

A dominant theme, moreover, makes itself heard through the welter of advice and precept. Again and again Chesterfield pulls himself up short with the warning that all knowledge is socially useless unless it is accompanied by manners, proper observance of custom, breeding.

"The Graces, the Graces; always remember the Graces."

This brings us back again to Johnson.

"You have often seen, and I have as often made you

observe, L——'s distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up, like a Laputan, in intense thought, and possibly sometimes in no thought at all—which, I believe, is very often the case of absent-minded people—he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them as if he were at cross-purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them."

Learning is not enough, and kindness of heart will not save any man from ridicule. The judgment of the majority is invariably formed upon externals, and these are the most important things to be considered; though, admittedly, it is a melancholy state of affairs which at present exists.

"I have known many a woman with an exact shape and a symmetrical assemblance of beautiful features please nobody; while others, with very moderate shapes and features, have charmed everybody. Why? Because Venus will not charm so much without her attendant graces as they will without her."

A man cannot be too careful about the way in which he carries himself in society. A single awkwardness may ruin a promising career; a single inelegancy of speech may make an orator a laughing-stock for the rest of his life.

"A showish binding attracts the eyes and engages the attention of everybody, but with this difference, that women, and men who are like women, mind the binding more than the book."

Only by constant practice and observation can the correct and enviable pose be obtained. The eyes of Lynceus are not more keen than those of the public, which must be placated and pleased and humbugged if success is to follow.

A good deal of Chesterfield's advice is now happily obsolete. It is no longer necessary to lay violent stress upon ordinary table manners, and many of the roughnesses at which he girded have been smoothed out a little. But age cannot stale the infinite variety of a caveat of this sort:—

"A vulgar man's conversation always savours strangely of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the

excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis as interesting matters. He is a man gossip."

The essence of boredom is caught up in such a statement, and Chesterfield is precisely the man so to enshrine it, for his opinions about bores are among his most considered and heartfelt remarks. To be a bore was, in Chesterfield's view, to reach Avernus: a man might sink no lower. His advice on the matter is plain and never varies. Always be informed, but remember to take your tone from the tone of your company. Trifle pleasantly with women when it is necessary, talk nonsense, if it will help; but, above all things, avoid dominating the company by expounding a subject of which you may be a master, but of which they obviously know little or nothing. Of all social sins this is the most heinous. Once tainted, you will be shunned, and deservedly shunned, by all right-thinking men and women of your acquaintance. The whole import of the wide education which Chesterfield was employed in giving his son was that it should equip him to take his place easily, naturally, and, above all, unobtrusively in any society in which he might find himself.

"The characteristic of a well-bred man is to converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and with ease. He talks to kings without concern; he trifles with women of the first condition with familiarity, gaiety, but respect; and converses with his equals, whether he is acquainted with them or not, upon general, common topics that are not, however, quite frivolous, without the least concern of mind, or awkwardness of body."

Let Philip once attain to this invaluable state of grace and he may ever afterwards do as he pleases. His father, for his part, will minister to his pleasures. Unfortunately, perhaps inevitably, Philip was a disappointment. No amount of training in the graces could quite obscure his bar sinister and the obvious but distressing fact that his faculties were of nothing but ordinary dimensions. Admittedly he never disgraced his father, but none the less he always remained a pleasant nonentity, which after all was as much as Chesterfield could reasonably expect.

He never complained, and he spent all his great goodness of heart on Mrs. Stanhope and her children after Philip's early death. The rock, in fact, upon which Chesterfield quite unwittingly foundered was his complete lack of any real sense of humour. He was witty enough. The massive system of education is in itself completely devoid of humour. Such an exordium as this, addressed to a young boy, explains a good deal.

"You will observe that I have not put into your mouth those good arguments which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you, as piety and affection towards me, regard and friendship for Mr. Harte, respect for your own moral character and for all the relative duties of man, son, pupil and citizen."

One can hardly be surprised that Philip never distinguished himself.

Chesterfield's English is worth more attention than it has obtained. It never rises to great heights; but, on the other hand, it rarely suffers any of those amazing lapses which so often disgrace the writer of more aureate prose. It is easy and colloquial, and it is always polished; it is at all times a perfect instrument for the expression of exact thought, and it flows. This, as Chesterfield confesses, is the result of long practice and diligent concentration upon the best models.

"For my part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe."

Elsewhere he remarks that practice will do anything, except make a man a poet.

Chesterfield, in short, dominates his experience and is master of it, and this accounts for most of his charm. He could stand aside and note events with a detachment which is as rare as it is enviable. A genuine philosophic outlook had been made possible for him by his possession of a first-rate intelligence and habits of intense application to the business immediately in hand. He obtains these things, no doubt, by the sacrifice of enthusiasm, and, as so many think, of honesty. He looked in his mind and wrote, and the oblivion which has overtaken him is perhaps the just and inevitable fate of all such writing.

Content

By E. L. Beckingsale

It was early morning and there was not yet a glimmer of light in the sky, but Ma Ta Sao knew that it was time for her husband to be off. He was working for a water-seller who owned two carts, great wooden tubs, of which Ma had charge of one. He had to fill it with water and take it round the streets of the city, leading the mule from door to door. When someone called to him, he took down the two wooden buckets hung by chains to the end of a carrying pole. He put one of these on the ground at the back of the cart and took out the big wooden bung, and the water gushed out. When that bucket was full, he filled the other, then slipped the pole across his shoulder and carried them into the courtyard, where he poured the water into a great earthenware jar and took the money for it.

In summer this was not a bad job, but in winter, when the water froze wherever it splashed or dripped, and the cart was covered with icicles all day long, it was not so pleasant. This January day there were already forty-two degrees of frost, and Ma grumbled as he threw back his bedding and rolled over to the edge of the platform on which the family slept. Ma Ta Sao had lighted a candle, and now she was crouching on the brick floor, looking down the little round hole where the fire was burning feebly. She took the iron poker and thrust it straight down the middle, moving it about gently so as to let the air in. She took the iron kettle, which had been simmering beside the fire-hole half the night, and poured some hot water into two little bowls. Ma drank; then he felt about on the floor for his shoes. When he had put them on, he stood up and shook himself, pulling his clothes straight, and yawning. Then he reached for his wadded coat hanging on a nail on the wall. It was old and torn and horribly dirty, but it still had warmth in it. A greasy cap with ear-flaps was tied under his chin and he was ready.

Ma Ta Sao went to the door, made of wooden slabs with paper pasted over, and pulled back the heavy wooden bolt. The door swung open in the middle, letting in a

rush of frosty air. A bundle on the *kang* stirred and whimpered. She shut the door quickly and went back to the fire, saying, " Little Dog, is that you, little Dog? " The bundle heaved again, and the head and arm of a little boy shot out. " It's cold! " he said, and disappeared into the warm tunnel of his bedding. " Cold is cold," said Ma Ta Sao, " but you must go to school. New Year is coming—holidays—then you can lie late."

She began to fold up her bedding and her husband's, making neat rolls which she put against the wall at the back of the *kang*. The fire was glowing now and the kettle boiling. " See, here's some good hot water," she said to the child. He sat up in his little wadded shirt and pulled on the trousers that were lying beside him. Then he put on his wadded coat of indigo-blue cotton and began to feel for his shoes with his feet as his father had done. He and his mother drank their water in silence, warming their hands on their bowls and staring into the fire. Then Ma Ta Sao poured the rest of the water into an enamel bowl and took down a rag that was hanging on a string across the corner of the room. She wrung the rag out quickly in the boiling water and gave it to the boy. He rubbed his face with it, then his neck and ears, finally he rubbed all over his closely cropped head, but he did not wash his hands. Ma Ta Sao rinsed the cloth, wrung it out again and washed herself. Her hair was done already. She did it thoroughly once a week, and for the rest of the time an occasional smoothing with a tiny wooden comb was all it needed.

Little Dog shuffled across the floor with his toes stuck into his shoes, and the flat heels of them flapping with each step. He opened the door, shivering and yawning. The courtyard was light now and yesterday's snow was frozen hard and sparkling. " Elder brother! " he shouted. " Are you coming to school? " A door on the right of the yard opened a few inches, and a voice answered, " Yes, little brother, wait a minute." The boy went back into the room, put his shoes on properly, snatched up his school hat with the black peak, and ran out without speaking to his mother. The older boy who joined him outside was his cousin. Ma was one of

three brothers, and they all had rooms round the same courtyard. The old people lived in a smaller yard adjoining, and while each household formed a separate unit, there was the strong Chinese family bond, and the children always thought of themselves as brothers and sisters.

Ma Ta Sao made a neat roll of the boy's bedding and stacked it on top of her own. Then she went out to the corner of the yard where the coal was kept, and brought some in to make up the fire. She went out again for a spadeful of wet earth which she put into the fire-hole and smoothed over, making it level with the floor. Then she thrust the poker down the middle to make a draught.

Just then a shout took her running to the door. It came from the inner courtyard where her mother-in-law lived. Being the youngest of the daughters-in-law, she had the most to do for the old lady, and was usually the one who went first in the morning to make tea for her and help her get up. The getting up was not a very long business. She had to get the tiny cotton shoes from the floor, kneel on the *kang*, and tie them on over the white socks which had been worn all night. Then she pulled the old lady into a sitting position on her mattress with her legs crossed and her feet neatly tucked away under her. Then there was a quick wash with hot water—a very superficial affair on winter mornings—and that was all: her mother-in-law was ready for the day.

On her way back to her own room she went in to see one of her sisters-in-law whose baby had been ailing for some days. She found the mother looking tired and worried, and the baby flushed and wailing inside his bedding on the *kang*. "He's like that the whole time," the woman said. "He cries whenever I try to make him eat." Ma Ta Sao sat down and looked at the child. He stopped wailing for a moment and wriggled a little way out of his bedding towards her. He was naked, and she saw that his chest and shoulders were covered with red spots. "Look at that," she said to her sister-in-law. "What do you think's the matter with him?" The mother looked, and then unrolled the bedding to find that there were tiny red spots all over his body.

"He must have started a fire inside him," she said. "I'll make him drink some water presently." She wrapped him up again and laid him on the hot *kang*. "Well," said Ma Ta Sao, rising, "I must go and prepare breakfast. When Little Dog comes home from school, I'll send him in to play with the baby."

She went back to her room, took an iron bowl and put in it several handfuls of millet which she got from a big earthenware jar in a corner. She scooped up some water from another jar, added it to the millet and put the iron bowl on the fire-hole. She bent over a third jar and chose out a salted turnip, very brown and wet. This she cut into small slices and put on a saucer.

When Ma came in cold and hungry, she filled a bowl with the hot millet and handed it to him with a pair of wooden chopsticks. He squatted on the floor with the bowl in his left hand, and began to shovel the millet into his mouth. The saucer of salted turnip was placed on the edge of the *kang* close to him, and he took a piece from time to time. When he had finished two bowls and had started on the third, his wife said, "The baby's ill." She jerked her chin in the direction of her sister-in-law's room. Ma glanced at her and grunted. "Your mother wants some more coal," she went on. "You'd better get it before New Year." "Not to-day," the man said. "The snow's too deep; in two days' time perhaps. Chang will be taking his donkey to get coal outside the East Gate. I'll see if he'll lend it to me when he has enough. Two pannier-loads will do for us all right." Presently he got out his long metal pipe, which had been tucked down his back under his clothes all the morning. He filled the tiny bowl with tobacco, took two whiffs and tapped out the ashes on the brick floor. Then he went out to his work.

Little Dog ran in from school, and he and his mother ate their meal together. When he had gone to amuse the sick baby, Ma Ta Sao poured water from the kettle into the three bowls, swirled it round and threw it out on to the floor. She poured water over the chopsticks, shook them and put them back in the cupboard with the remains of the turnip.

Then she began the real work of the day, sewing the

new clothes for Little Dog to wear on New Year's Day. They were of very coarse blue cotton, wadded, and were stiff and clumsy and rather too big for the child, but to her they were beautiful, so warm and so clean. She thought of how proud she would be when her little son took off the dirty torn clothes he was wearing at present and put on these she was making. They could not afford new ones for themselves this year; she had unpicked their old ones, washed them, teased out the wadding and sewn them up again. But they had managed to get these new clothes for the boy, and she was very happy as she sewed all the long winter afternoon.

The baby was worse towards night, and all the women and children crowded into the stuffy room to hear what the mother said about it, and to see the little red spots and touch them. The other children were very fond of the baby, and each of them held him in turn, trying to make him stop crying and smile at them. Then, as the early stars came out, Ma Ta Sao went back to her room, lighted a candle, and unrolled the bedding. The three of them took off their outer garments and wrapped themselves up tightly, only the tops of their heads showing at the edge of the *kang*. Ma Ta Sao was conscious of the fire smouldering slowly, of the door securely barred against thieves, and of the bundle by her side which was Little Dog. She thought of the snow outside and of the coal to be fetched for her mother-in-law; then of the baby whose crying she could hear across the yard. If Little Dog should start a fire inside him like that . . . Children did that so quickly at this time of the year, and so unaccountably. If one got ill, some of the others in the courtyard would get ill, too; she wondered why that was. But Little Dog had looked all right to-day, and how good and careful he had been with the baby! He would be so pleased with his new clothes; just two days' work and they would be ready. She could see him in them making his bow to his father on New Year's Day. With a deep sigh of pleasure she fell asleep, her face turned towards her little son.

The Problem of Euthanasia

By Rev. C. J. Reynolds

FOR the vast majority of people there is *no* problem of Euthanasia, since for them there is no urgent problem of intense physical suffering.

Circumstances, no doubt, may occasionally combine to thrust the topic into transient prominence. Someone, driven to frenzy by the irremediable agonies of parent or offspring, takes the law into his (or her) own hands and—ends matters. Thereupon, under such crude and misleading titles as "The Right to Kill," Euthanasia is duly discussed; the conclusion is duly reached that, though it cannot as a future possibility be entirely ruled out, the time for its inclusion in the realm of practical expediency has not yet arrived; and the whole matter once again recedes into its customary obscurity.

Nevertheless, apart from the adventitious and sensational circumstances which have given it temporary notoriety, the problem still remains as urgent as ever, inasmuch as the essential facts which give rise to it are permanent and perennial.

For the "minority" view of the subject here represented the writer is prepared to accept the rôle of *advocatus diaboli,* believing (as he does) that such views are assured of a wider assent in the not-distant future.

Here, as in any discussion of the problem, we find ourselves confronted at the outset by the principle of the sacredness of human life, of which principle Euthanasia would appear to some minds to constitute a direct practical denial. Let it be said at once that that great principle is not for one moment in question. Both it and its legitimate implications are fully admitted by all right-thinking persons. Euthanasia, however, like many other ethical or quasi-ethical problems, is far too intricate a question to be settled by reference to any one principle alone. Only by a nice balancing of the claims of apparently conflicting principles can any final decision be reached. Certainly it cannot be maintained, as a legitimate inference from the particular principle just cited, that human

life may in *no* circumstances be precluded by man's intervention from attaining its full "natural" limits. Rather would it be true to say that any such intervention (on whatever grounds it may be invoked) must be strictly conditioned, and on occasion vetoed, by reference to that same principle.

But a balanced and unprejudiced treatment of the subject has been rendered the more difficult by the prevalent over-insistence on the very feature which is, strictly speaking, only incidental, namely, the curtailment of life. Indeed, it would be scarcely too much to say that, for some minds, the word "Euthanasia" conjures up a vision of some lethal chamber in which the physically "useless" members of society are to be conveniently extinguished, or even of the wholesale slaughter of incurable invalids. There could be no graver misunderstanding. The primary (and wholly humane) object in view is the prevention of avoidable and useless suffering, to the full achievement of which the risk of "premature" death will be a necessary corollary.

Now, the facts which from time to time have raised this question are beyond dispute; they will, however, bear brief recapitulation.

In remote backwaters of life are to be found those thrice pitiable creatures (happily few) whom Nature, as though in ghoulish jest, has suffered to be born alive into this world afflicted with some terrible abnormality which for ever debars them from active participation in human affairs. Their existence, though it may not involve actual physical suffering, is sometimes such as to raise the question whether its artificial termination at birth would not have been the truest kindness.

Such cases, from our present point of view, are highly debatable. Let us turn from them to others which stand in a somewhat different category. It is more than probable that, in this country alone, society includes many thousands for whom life and agony are well-nigh synonymous terms.

Writhing helplessly in the grip of a disease which is rightly termed "malignant," they ask only that they may die. Yet die they cannot, but must perforce linger on, relieved (if at all) by partial and temporary palliatives.

awaiting the pleasure of their relentless enemy until the cup of their torment has been drained to the dregs.

Now, pain is essentially — that is, biologically — a stimulus inviting a reaction; the chief excuse (so to speak) for its existence in the world is that it should indicate the presence and seat of disease, while at the same time inciting to a removal of the trouble.

In cases, however, such as those above cited, we find pain functioning as the violently insistent indicator of disease in circumstances where the appropriate reaction —(say) the surgeon's knife—is of no avail. Nature, moreover, here withholds, perhaps for months, her final beneficent remedies of automatic anæsthesia and death, and pain is thus reduced to the level of a useless and biologically meaningless incubus.

Here, then, there appears in the "natural" order of events a gap, appropriately to be filled by artificial aids to rendering both easy and swift a consummation which, while inevitable, must otherwise be lingering and agonizing. We are thus faced with the practical question whether medical science should not in these cases be permitted such measures *as might (and in many instances undoubtedly would) involve the curtailment not only of the suffering but of life itself.*

It would be presumptuous for the layman to attempt to enter into technicalities beyond remarking that there exist analgesic drugs which, to be completely effective, it might be necessary to use to the extent of permanent anæsthetization, which in turn might entail "premature" death. A practical solution is, at any rate, available; granted the consent of the sufferer, that solution awaits only the endorsement of the community.

It will at once be objected that authority thus to terminate life will involve a responsibility far too grave and perilous to be laid upon the shoulders of any human being. Certainly (to put matters crudely) no thoughtful person could contemplate with equanimity the grant of a licence to individual members of the medical profession, however competent, to administer overdoses of morphia at their own unfettered discretion. No such contingency, nor anything approaching to it, need be feared. Euthanasia, if ever legally sanctioned, could and must

be hedged about with restrictions, safeguards and formalities at least as complete and stringent as those which at present govern the infliction of capital punishment. (The parallel is unfortunate, but more or less inevitable.)

In the unsatisfactory state in which matters at present rest, the hands of the medical profession are tied. The means of relief—nature's own merciful provision—must perforce be doled out grudgingly, with extreme caution, and with (so to speak) one eye on the coroner's court.

There is a further consideration, of a more or less theoretical character, which no candid discussion of this subject can afford to ignore.

Cancer—to keep in view what is perhaps the chief cause of prolonged and severe suffering—is largely a "disease of civilization"; wherefore it is difficult to understand how, in so far as the healing forces of civilization have failed to keep pace with its attendant scourges, civilized society can consistently disclaim responsibility for the provision of "emergency measures" pending the shedding of fuller light on the nature and causes of malignant disease.

It should here be emphasized that Euthanasia can never be regarded as other than an "interim" measure, designed to cope with abnormal and exceptional cases for which no normal remedy is as yet forthcoming.

There appears to exist in some quarters a firm, though not clearly reasoned, conviction that Euthanasia would constitute an almost impious "interference" with the providential ordering of nature. Such a view will be found, on examination, to rest upon the assumption that the world in which we live answers, *as it stands*, in any given circumstances, to the Divine ideal of it—which thesis requires only to be stated to be proved fallacious. As has already been suggested (1) there is a wide area of intense human suffering which is ultimately (though not culpably) due to man's agency, and cannot therefore be fairly included in the providential ordering of things; moreover, (2) Nature itself, when all more normal "reactions" fail, prescribes death as the last and kindliest anodyne to pain and disease.

Euthanasia, then, if adopted, would rank as an

attempt, in the face of extraneous and abnormal interference with the divinely-ordered balance of nature, to restore that balance on lines indicated by nature itself; as such it might without impiety be claimed as an effort to further the will of God.

It is sometimes urged that a high moral and spiritual value (both for sufferer and beholder) attaches to suffering nobly and patiently endured. That contention, though undeniably true in the abstract, can scarcely be considered a valid argument against Euthanasia, since, were it (as such) pushed to its logical conclusion, it might well be used as an argument against *all* attempts to relieve suffering.

Circumstances would seem almost to conspire together to shelve the whole question. The lives of the sufferers concerned are necessarily passed in such seclusion that their very existence is scarcely known to any outsider save the physician, the nurse, or the clergyman. Moreover, pain itself is of such a nature that the most vivid phraseology used to describe it is totally incapable of bringing home its significance to those who are habitually exempt from it. It may not be too much to say that, were it possible (which God forbid!) for every adult member of the community to experience but one hour of the torment which is the daily portion of multitudes of victims of incurable malignant disease, the question of Euthanasia would straightway assume a very prominent position among the pressing problems of the day.

Who can tell? Generations hence a more humane and enlightened age may view *our* refusal to grapple with this problem with much the same uncomprehending amazement as that with which we ourselves look back upon the tortures of the Inquisition and the callous barbarity of the galleys!

Our prejudiced and unimaginative obscurantism may impatiently dismiss the whole question of Euthanasia as though it consisted in the condemning to "premature" death of certain of our fellow-creatures who otherwise might have lingered on for months, or even years. It is not impossible that posterity will lay to our charge that which in its eyes may appear the greater sin—that we condemned them to *life*.

Dissolving Partnership

By Geoffrey Johnson

"I TELL you, George Pope, you shanna get up to-day, you shanna." Mrs. Jane Pope's word was law, though she was turned of seventy, as she put it, and with a body frailer than a cricket's. She stood a moment hearkening at the stair-bottom. Her face was leathery-yellow as a pear's; her coif, like thistledown, threatened to fly off into space at any moment; her small bosom, in its hook-and-eye bodice, throbbed like a sparrow's, but, like a sparrow's, it was combative.

But she loved him kindly, that she did, being beknown to him for nigh on fifty year. She would ruggle through somehow with this sudden throat trouble of George Pope's; she had ruggled through so many other things, and blossom-time would come again, then gooseberry-picking, then putting the plums down in jars, and so Christmas again. It was strange, though, downstairs without George Pope.

"Are you all right, George Pope?"

"Bring me my pipe, Jane, that's all."

"That I shanna, that's that. Men are strange bodies. It's a wonder the Lord didden provide them with open chimleys in their heads. It's all along o' that pipe that you're middling. You must bide, George Pope."

She dashed a tear away, but it fell on her battered sequins.

It was only six o'clock of a bright March morning. The square mile of fruit plantation at the backs of the three cottages was an iron-grey tangle of boughs studded with soft green. It was not a clamour, but a roar of birds all day long. Overhead the rooks swirled, one phalanx into another, then started again in opposite directions, like bits of tea in a blue pot; so high they were.

It was no use saying they moithered her poor head like a million airyplanes. It was George Pope that really worried her, she knew.

"Jane Pope," he was laughing in her imagination from the garden seat he had made, "them starlings will fetch all your pretty lettuce seed on the borders." She

could see him there in his blue suit he had worn since giving up carting, his red boyish chuckling face crowned with a railwayman's peaked cap.

"You're not on half pay, if you do fancy yourself as a hadmiral, you lazy sack of oats. If it wasn't for the Old Age Pension——." But what was this she was replying? How could he be in the garden? George Pope in bed for the first time in fifty year at six o'clock and a thing like a brick, so he said, in his gullet? And his throat had shrunken—yes, it had—under the silver-brown hairs. The million twitterings of the fruit-birds, the heartless clangour of the rooks frightened her. She must hold those iron voices off high up in the sky, high up, right off her mind.

She was not going to be beaten, not she. At half-past four she had risen, as she always rose. "Things have to go on howsomever"; that was her motto, and she just loved hurling her little whirlwind of a self into the fray. She only wished that the Bentams, the newly-come Londoners on her right, were more worthy of her mettle; but, no, her washing was out at seven, an hour before they were up, and they rose then only because Ethel, their baby, cried. But it was different with the Tomses on her left. He was a surly brute, old Silas Toms, the bachelor, who bullied his maiden sister Lucy to keep house for him. She always heard the wicked wretch cursing like old Satant himself and throwing things about like the madman in the Bible, whenever the Popes were up before him, and potched him, as the saying was.

Jane flitted like a bird to the wash-house, bobbing victoriously with the pride that she had beaten Lucy Toms by ten minutes. This, and the cursing of Silas, reassured her that the bright green world and George Pope would still go on with the same sweet habit.

Must she give up? No, when you came to ponder it, yourself to yourself, it was the cause of George Pope's trouble, this giving up. And what was this clutching at her heart till it felt squeezed to a little pebble? Thinking, thinking. She mustn't think.

"Dash your saucy little eyes," she cried, bouncing out of the wash-house. She shook her bony fist at some rooks fast sailing out of sight, took in the shirt they had

soiled, and seemed half glad of rub-a-dubbing it all over again. Clothes, for Mrs. Jane Pope, existed only for the joyful exercise of being washed and washed for ever and ever. Her greatest abhorrence after dirt and Silas Toms was to be indecent enough to walk alone even in broad daylight along a lonely road; but dirt was a good first.

She flounced and bounced about again, made some toast and tea, and climbed upstairs with it.

"No, no," said George Pope. His babyish mouth curled sullenly under like the lip of a red stew jar, and his big blue eyes swam. "I do feel bad, Jane Pope."

"Now don't you take on so, else I shall think I'm back in my nussing days. Men ever were such babies, George Pope. This is the first ailment you've had, and the Lord's been kind to you, and yet you cry out the very first time like a new-born lamb by a broken winder. We women have a lot to bear. Nine children have I borne without a murmur, but there . . . you don't know what life is, you men."

"Y'are not nagging me, are you, Jane Pope?"

"No, no, my——my lad." And in spite of her strange will, she put her hand in his that lolled on the patchwork quilt. "Now get this down. It's a poor bird that can't peck. But your pipe, if that's what your eyes are pleading for, no, never. But I'll bring you some hedgeberry wine up warm at eleven, or some of the ten-year-old elderberry as a special favour."

George smiled the smile of a watery winter sun that sinks immediately behind its cloud.

She came down, puzzled. She ate the meal of a mouse, supped the sip of a wagtail, and pitched herself into the household fury once more. She tidied the hearth she had tidied at five, revolutionized the slight furniture she had revolutionized only a week before, got it out into the yard, beat it, caned it, scolded it, as if the chairs were her naughty nine children of yesterday. She got out her half cokernut shell of grate polish, and "did the blacks"; she tumbled out her brass polish and "did the brights," until both iron and brass winked impishly about the fire, wondering wherever such energy of spit and shine still came from.

At last she went into the little wine department of her

pantry; there was blackberry wine in there gone tawny with years, merry as fine sherry in its old age; half a cup of it would have made a man sing uproariously along five miles of good honest road. There was gooseberry, too, asparkle like old Chablis, cowslip a twinkling topaz, mead and parsnip, syrupy yellow like Benedictine, and elderberry, the clear and rich purple-red of grapes held up to the sun.

But she was not for stimmilents, not she, except as when it might be for a cold, or if so be, for a merry-make. She could have her little plaintive crow with the rest then, and wag her wise white head within decent limits on a spoonful or so, but ne'er no more, ne'er no more.

She handled the bottles gingerly, as if they were highly dangerous and precious both, like medicinal poisons. Finally she decided, and lifted her face in the gloom in critical appraisement of a tumbler of dark elderberry, which in the light of the ventilator turned her old face into a momentary viola.

"That'll do when it's hotted," she said.

She took up the warm wine with some cheese on toast, and watched him while he ate and drank.

She relented a little from her strict hold on the pantry riches she had saved like a miser. He was such a lad was Pope; he would bubble and laugh like a rogue till his glass was empty, and off he would slily saunter for more on the excuse of bolting up for the night. "Come back, George Pope, that's the ration," she always said, and there it always ended.

The thought of the dimly-shining, cobwebbed bottles hurt her now. There were ten years' fruitage and vintage of the earth saved up, ten years' gentle merriment together, if she never made another drop. Ten years. They were ten years perhaps she had foolishly hoarded and falsely counted on. But the bottles were real, and her hopes of at least another ten years with Pope were real; well, then, what was this absurd suggestion at the back of her head? If George Pope . . . if George Pope died . . . that was what a voice was saying foolishly inside her. It was ridiculous; it might just as well have said that the bottles were not there, that they were stolen, cruelly stolen.

Under the spell of the wine the sick man felt a weak wave of the old vitality break, flow back into him. A plaintive reminiscent humour came into his childish blue eyes.

"That's the ration, I reckon, Jane Pope," he said, and then, with a look at some impossibly distant self, "But bolt the doors o' night, bolt the doors . . . That I shanna ever do no more." And he sulked and twitched his lips, like a boy hopelessly overpowered by a bully who has got him down. Then, with a desperate reassertion, he threw back some of the clothes.

"I will get up, I will get up," he said. "I ean't going to lie here like a calf in a cart waiting to be butchered. I'll up and see Doctor Winter."

To Mrs. Pope doctors and undertakers were one. They had nothing to do with healthy life like his or hers, but only with death. She laughed her high little laugh, frail as the top notes of a mouth-organ.

"Why, what next, George Pope? You'll be saying nixt you're going to pick out your grave up at the symmetry, I do believe. I'll go myself to Doctor Winter's come seven o' the evening when Phoebe's back, if you ean't no better. Now do try and get a wink o' sleep, there's a good man."

It was in vain that George Pope sulked, whined or roared, or even teeny-wheedled, as she said, for his pipe. Her white head knew best, and he sank back, when she had gone, into resignation and sleep.

Corkscrew, corkscrew. Oh! there was a corkscrew twisting in the heart of her when she stopped to think. She mustn't stop; she must hurl herself into the bottling off of the new parsnip wine. She tripped off into the wash-house again; the birds wrangled inexorably in the black spikes of that orchard; it was a roar of life, pain, ecstasy, terror. The battalions of rooks overhead insulted her with their brazen impudence of vitality. "Caw, caw, caw," they jawed, "we wouldn't give a farthing for George, George, George."

It was like a race against time, against some huge mockery with those squawking hell-bats ever in one's ears. It was as if a furious filling up of bottles was the erection of a fortification, anyhow, somehow, against the

terror she could not describe. She skimmed the mould from the stone jars, labelled the bottles, filled them, corked them, dug a hole in the garden, and buried them to mature where George Pope would never think of looking for them.

Then she took her slender midday meal, stepped upstairs, and crowed to herself to find her husband sound asleep under the effects of the elderberry.

She tripped down again, pleasurably darned socks for an hour, and then that inhuman clamour of rooks crept into her blood again.

"Walk, walk, walk?" they seemed to mock. "Do you think he'll walk again?"

It was good, so good of Silas Toms to rouse her out of this into her old combativeness. Even Satant had his vantages, as Parson said. Silas had stolen a march on her this time. He was helping Lucy to carry out the family inheritance of funeral black to their empty washing-line. It was a ritual in Rook Lane as old as the suits or costumes themselves, and they were ancient enough. It happened at least twice a year, and had nothing whatever to do with the probable incidence of death in the district. The cheerful brushing and sponging was lavished on the cloth as if on their most intimate and venerable piece of furniture; but there was a silent rivalry therein, and always a secret joy in Jane's wise head that Lucy "never brushed all the dust out of her gethers."

A spring was released in Mrs. Pope. Five minutes behind! She jumped up, tiptoed into the bedroom—her husband still slept—brought down the black, took out the camphor balls from the pockets, and honoured that afternoon with a two hours' masterpiece of cleaning.

Then, with the quiet satisfaction that Silas Toms had been completely demolished both in the art of brushing and in the style of funereal habiliments, puffing and pinking, she carried the precious black bundle into her front parlour.

She used it only on great occasions. It was a room as cool as a mummy's, and as glittering with bric-a-brac as a pawnbroker's. The late afternoon sun was over the back, but it was quiet in the front, for, in spite of her

victory, she felt tired. She hung her black coat by the door, carefully filling out the body with the back of a chair, and putting the dear old sequined bonnet on top of it.

She sank into the high-backed antimacassared rocker opposite, a rare luxury for her; even the nine children she had nursed enjoyed that luxury on Sundays only.

If only those rooks would stop, those thousands of black imps, bawling, mocking at her! She got up and closed the door leading to the back.

Yes, contemplating her black coat, she felt she had supped her sup of sorrow in her time. She recalled the times she had put it on. There was her Philip, whom they had brought back terribly broken, a lad of sixteen. He had slipped over the famous winding stair of St. Bartholomew's west tower and crashed into the nave. The horror had faded a little now, like a daguerrotype. Then there was her Dick, a strong, wild, hairy piece of a man, everlastingly poaching and in trouble with keepers, and then, as if that were nothing, he must go bathing in Dead Man's Pool and catch typhoid. You would think he would have risen and hit Death himself over the ears like a rabbit, but, no, it killed him instead as dead as a domino.

Yet life had its compysations. There were Martha and John doing well in the butchering trade at Halifax; Bob had a farm Banbury way, and such lovely childer, ah! lovely as country village oil-paintens, they were; and Peter, and Roger and John, they were always enterprising lads, they were also all married now and making hives of money in Manchester, Bristol, Plymouth . . .

But something it was besides this, besides those rowdy rascals of rooks she could not shut out, that kept hovering about her mind. Her tired eyes looked up as if to find it among the outrageously enlarged portraits about her sanctum.

No, it wasn't her Lizzie's second lad, though that was near it. A bright and willen child he was, such a good lad to his mother. Give him a puss and a paper with the names of the groceries on, and he'd do any errants like a little lamplighter, that he would, till the Lord saw it good to take him. It was hard, hard, but even so, it was not that.

Her eyes wandered to Phoebe's face. She always wore a hat, our Phoebe, with a shadow over her dark mournful eyes. Always a hat, a shadow to veil something; always a look in her eyes as if when she stared out she was hurt by something, and when she looked in, she flinched still more. Poor wench to believe that smart London gentleman, and to come back crying with that look in her eyes, and all inside a month! How George Pope had carried on, bouncing about trying to murder his own shadow in his temper. But, no, it was not Phoebe either; she would be back by seven of the clock from her charring, poor sorrowful crittur.

There was a creak on the stairs, but she did not hear it; there was the usual five o'clock sound of spiteful Silas Toms in the act of rinsing his teapot on Mrs. Pope's flower-bed, but she did not hear that either. Ordinarily it would have roused her like a warhorse. The grey leaves of her memories had stopped rustling; she lay sound asleep under them like a squirrel.

It was a strange world in which Jane half-opened her eyes. She knew that she was not dreaming, or even dreaming that she had dreamt the thing. She watched her own self across the twilight bending a little in the black coat by the chair and the sequins shaking a little in her bonnet. Her mouth was quivering and trying not to cry. The brown oblong of space yawned near her feet; she was bending over for the last time. Yes, the rogue, Baker, the undertaker, he was sure to be there; he always was at this symmetry. He had taken off his tar-bucket topper and put his black gloves aside on a wreath; he always did that. He stood with one leg well back, like a runner getting ready for the pistol-shot, his red face watching the officiating parson's as if fire were going to come out of it.

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live . . ." She knew how tenser now Baker was. She saw him shift his leg further back and dig his heel in the ground. He was so comical, that, were it not for the cold-bloodedness of the wretch, and the tragedy she was centred in, she could laugh at him outright. Bits of bright shale and pebble shivered at times from his fist, held rigidly backwards. "Ashes to ashes . . ."

She knew that was the signal. Baker jerked his

ammunition dramatically forward, as much as to say, "Practice makes perfect. A bit of an expert, what? It's quick shut of him now."

There was an idiotic rattle on the coffin lid. Baker glued his eyes on the parson again. On his alertness and timing the whole symmetry, the whole world, seemingly depended.

"Dust to dust . . ." Another idiotic shoot of shale, another hard rattle, and Baker was smacking and dusting his hands. Up went his tarry bucket again, on went his gloves again, and George Pope for him was only an order duly fulfilled and crossed off in a book.

But the rattling did not die. It went on quietly, timelessly, the shale shifted gradually, remorselessly like years. George Pope had been dead a generation. . . .

"Good Lord in heaven," she suddenly cried. "You do give me a start. George Pope, what is the meaning of this? Why have you left the symmetry to come back and cheat me with a false delight? Oh! it is too cruel!"

He stood, peak-capped and blue-suited, in the doorway, in his hand the round-knobbed walking-stick, which had rattled through her half-consciousness. It was George Pope in the flesh. Ah! he had got up while she had been asleep!

"Leave the what, Jane Pope?" He bubbled with his big lips and laughed. "You sly old vixen, do you think I was going to lie up there all day? I've just come back from Doctor Winter's; that's where I've come from. You do get a queer old bird, Jane Pope."

"And what did he say?"

"Well, I must take great care like. A bit of a growth, maybe. He'll examine me thoroughly, he says, in the morn."

But Jane knew, as well as the doctor knew, that it was cancer in the throat, or something like it.

"Fancy going to a dispensairy with a button off! Stand there while I light the lamp and sew it on, you disgraceful Rooshan." That was all she said.

What tears she had she let fall silently into her cupboard work-basket, where she fumbled agelessly, in Mr. Pope's opinion, for a needle.

A Seer

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

WHAT peace, O Lord, shall my days see!
  My footsteps burn the arid sand,
  Mine eyes seek rest on either hand—
Some haven from this urgency
Consuming me.

What rest hast Thou vouchsafed to me,
  Who bear Thy burning brand of fire
  On brow and lips! My heart's desire
Cries out for peace, cries out to Thee
Unceasingly.

Flames from Thine altar, still they burn
  Unquenchable, a thin, bright sword
  Piercing the heart; two-edged, O Lord!
And I am driven as men spurn
Oxen who turn.

Yea; I would turn aside and seek
  The quiet ways of earth, and rest;
  Dream for a little where her breast,
Dew-bared to night, breathes slow and meek
Under my cheek.

But ever Thou wilt urge my pace
  To greater speed; my heart, my sight
  To keener vision, seeking light
Onward and upward, where clouds race
Before Thy face.

I cry Thy word to men, Thy ways;
  Though from their tents men scoff and jeer—
  The lion and the jackal hear
My lonely voice by nights by days,
Singing Thy praise.

Yet though I stumble, I will press
  Onward. Too deep and keen Thy brand,
  Too sore the weight of Thy right hand,
That guides me through the wilderness
And this distress.

Words

By Enid Clay

When you have left me, I think
Of all that I meant to say :—
Things that would give you delight :—
Witty and tender, and gay;
How you would rise to my mood—
Show that you understood.

Words are such transient things;
Thoughts are too hidden for speech;
Probe them—they shrink in dismay :—
Lure them, they fly from our reach;
Only our eyes convey,
Questioning, each to each,

The wonderful, beautiful things.
That we meant to say.

Mirth and Magic

By Horace Shipp

Private Lives. By Noel Coward. (Phœnix Theatre.)
The Breadwinner. By Somerset Maugham. (Vaudeville Theatre.)
Marriage à La Mode. By John Dryden. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
The Tempest. By William Shakespeare. (The Old Vic.)

I WONDER whether the day will ever come when the aid of stereoscopic colour photography, perfect recording, synchronization, and such other devices as the film inventors have up their capacious sleeves will establish the *rapport* between the stalls and the screen which now flashes magnetic across the footlights of the legitimate theatre. Watch the sophisticated audience at Mr. Noel Coward's brilliant piece of artifice; study the closely packed ranks of young intellectuals who form so large a part of the Old Vic. audience; or the theatre *habitués* after an evening of Somerset Maugham's cynic wit; or the Hammersmith Lyrists under the thrall of Restoration drama and Athene Seyler. The curtain call is a spontaneous climax of delight: something human, something electric. So far, at least, the screen has been as unable to take the place of the human actor as broadcast music from Queen's Hall has been to supplant the delight of being at the Proms. Even in a mechanic age the human race remains amazingly human.

I seldom remember seeing an audience so completely caught up by the magic of the theatre as were those at the Phœnix Theatre. How the author does it remains a mystery, unless the solution be in the exquisite finesse with which he has fitted the parts to the players. Truly it becomes difficult to imagine this piece acted by any others than himself and Gertrude Lawrence; yet, given the slickness of mind, it doubtless could be, for Noel Coward is too skilful to write a play which demands his personal presence before it could come to artistic life. *Private Lives* is fundamentally witty. Cynical, negative, everything which the moralist will urge against the scintillation of the bright and young, it belongs to our time. So much is this true that, when one has said all the obvious things about its lightness and utter unreality,

there remains in it a residue of serious defence of that very attitude of mind. Flippancy has found its apologist. Laughter is exalted to a weapon against the cruelty of men and fate. Once at least the trifle drops its mask and reveals the face of truth as Noel Coward and his kind see it.

But it is of the essence of that truth that solemnity is not to be borne, and we must needs forget that peep behind the mask and accept for delight this mad story of eloping divorcees and of affairs which vacillate between love's tantrums and such sweet dalliance of brain and body as modernity demands. For such dramatists marriages are made in purgatory; and we defend our sanity against their insidious ideas by asserting that these people bobbing in and out of doors in the accepted conventions of artificial comedy belong to the French drama and not to the world of humankind. Nevertheless, there somehow emerges an idea about humanity, and for all his cynicism we feel that the author has a kindly feeling for his fellows and their foibles. Which has much to do with his success.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's cynicism is not of that quality. His people are more real, but he looks at them with a touch of bitterness, standing away from them: outside. *The Breadwinner,* that harassed ordinary stockbroker who eventually revolts from his unmannerly children and grasping family, has his creator's sympathy, but we suspect that the creation was not for love of him so much as from hatred of wives in general and the younger generation *en masse.* It gives a tang which spoils our laughter. It makes for exaggeration not in the gleeful exuberance of Mr. Coward, but in a dislike which defeats its purpose. Comedy to succeed must keep its head and never lose its heart even in hatred. It is that which gives Mr. Coward his power, which keeps the Restoration drama untarnished; it is the absence of it which spoils Somerset Maugham's work. He should sit at the feet of Dryden or any of the Restoration men. *Marriage à la Mode* reminds us anew how gaily they could chastise the failings of their kind; with what a grace they wielded their invective. In the charmed circle of that artifice ugliness, immorality and coarseness move like the

characters in a masque—subjects of unimpassioned contemplation. To the Lyric audience, long educated by Sir Nigel Playfair to the appreciation of artificial comedy, this presentation of Dryden's outstanding work is certain to prove acceptable. Athene Seyler as Melantha makes assurance doubly sure.

Then, to turn from the artifice of the cynics to that of the magician, one considers *The Tempest* at the Old Vic. The productions of Harcourt Williams have about them a quality of imagination which has glorified this season's work in the famous Surreyside home of Shakespeare. The acting of John Gielgud is a superb addition to his gallery of star parts. Here is no mumble-jumble wizard of the old Prospero tradition, but the aristocrat whose mind has subjected nature to his purpose. Faced by this rendering, we realize that it is the dramatist himself we listen to, uttering his valediction to the magic-making which he had loved.

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, are all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air.

For those of us who thrill to Shakespeare *The Tempest* is magic, indeed, and this valediction as the master breaks his staff has a curious pathos. Which makes us a trifle impatient with some of the clowning and anxious only to remember Gielgud's own performance, the inarticulate rightness of Ralph Richardson's Caliban, and the truly marvellous beauty of the Ariel of Leslie French. This Ariel truly belongs to another world of beings who move in rhythms undreamed by us.

The triumph of the first Old Vic. productions this season demands that the extension of its activities to Sadler's Wells should be made possible. Already most of the money has been collected, the building is ready, £81,000 has been spent, Miss Lilian Baylis has her plans and her company prepared. A little more money in the hands of the treasurer and Sadler's Wells will open on Boxing Day. To give point to your own good resolution in this matter, may I remind ENGLISH REVIEW readers that he sits at the receipt of custom at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, E.C. 1.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Common Cold

"What's good for a cold, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"What isn't?" answered Sergeant Murphy.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," was the reply, "if you can tell me annything from red pepper to violet rays that isn't good for a cold, I'll swallow this pewther measure. Why, the common cold has made more enemies for itself than the institution of marriage.

"I remember wan November when in me bold, free way I'd postponed resoomin' me winter clouts and I got a chill that would have pleurisied a wooden Highlander. Well, Heddle, that cold of mine and the bark that went with it dhrew more attention in Fleet Sthreet than annything short of a dog fight.

"Wan directhor of the paper stopped on his way out to recommend a Spanish onion roasted in its jacket—and swallowed whole, I suppose—as a certain cure. A sub-editor took me aside be the ear and made me promise to go to bed and dhrink a quart of ice-cold wather in two standin' jumps. A woman dashed across the sthreet under the nose of a mothor dhray to hand me the remains of a packet of lozenges that had cured her aunt. And so on until me brain was bewildhered with cures, and I said to meself, 'This is a fair fight between a common cold and the constitution of wan Pathrick Murphy. Let them have it out.' And I did, and in three days the cold had thransferred itself to the liftman."

"That's all fine and large," said Heddle. "But what about the blinking liftman?"

"Oh, him," said the Sergeant. "Well, couldn't he do the same as me? Fight it out till the cold gave in and fastened on to some fellah he was hoistin' to the third floor, maybe. If the liftman was lucky, he'd be honoured be havin' his cold settlin' down on some viscount or marquess that does the Society chit-chat for the paper.

"I'll say that for the common cold, it's democratic. Peer, ploughman or publican—it doesn't care a damn which of them it makes a home with. It's as likely to put a red nose on the bewchous bride at the altar as on the comic old verger with the two left feet hobblin' down the aisle. It may pass over the delicate child and lay the heavy-weight boxer on his back quicker than the punch of an opponent—though the Lord knows that's only a matther of seconds nowadays from the word 'Go.'"

"You can't avoid a cold, that's certain," said Heddle.

"Yes, you can," was the reply. "Docthors are never tired of tellin' ye how. You've only to live on a light, nourishin' diet, avoid dhraughts, crowded vehicles and buildin's, over-clothin', under-clothin' and gettin' wet. You never hear of a lighthouseman catchin' cold. There's no cold in a lighthouse for him to catch, unless he gives a party. The hairy Esquimaux had to import colds through explorers, otherwise he'd never have known what they were like.

"The thruth is, Heddle, there's no such thing as curin' a cold. The germ theery proves that you can do no more than get rid of it. And when it leaves you, it goes on circuit. It is passed on from wan person to another all over the counthry, then it's carried to foreign parts and goes nine times round the world like that crazy chain prayer that I tore up yestherday and put in the fire. Then wan mornin' the papers say, 'Many prominent people are unable to fulfil their engagements owin' to chills they've conthracted through the sudden spell of cold weather.' But it's not the cold weather at all. It's just the cold germ haltin' here in its thravels.

"There was a time, Heddle, when I thought the common cold was a modhern invention like wireless and face-liftin'. But I know betther now.

"The other day I saw in me paper the picture of the coat-of-arms of an old divil who died hundhreds of years ago and who's restin'—more or less—in Westminsther Abbey. Well, part of the coat-of-arms was lozenges in azure—which is French for washin' blue."

"What about that?" asked Heddle.

"They were cough lozenges," said Sergeant Murphy.

Books

TWO GREAT MEN OF LETTERS

THE CONVERSATIONS OF JOHNSON. Extracted from the Life by James Boswell, and Edited with an Introduction by R. W. POSTGATE. With ten drawings by Tom Poulton. Knopf. 8s. 6d.

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE WITH ECKERMANN. Translated by JOHN OXENFORD. Edited by J. K. MOORHEAD. With an Introduction by HAVELOCK ELLIS. Dent. 2s.

JOHNSON'S talk is the chief attraction in Boswell's great book, and this selection of it in good print is welcome. Mr. Postgate points out that the later years, when Boswell was in touch with his idol, supply the best conversation, and he regards much of the biography as now unreadable. Indeed, "Mr. Arnold Bennett recently described 'the first forty years of Boswell' as an almost impassable barrier." The world of letters, however, is not bound to endorse all Mr. Bennett's opinions, and the eighteenth century having come into fashion, details of authors Mr. Postgate regards as hopelessly dead may still be read with pleasure Further, the reader of intelligence may not only relish Johnson's wide range in talk; he may also wish to discover why this big, rude, uncouth man dominated a society of unusual distinction which included such men as Burke, Gibbon and Reynolds. It was, in fact, a triumph of character, a conclusion hardly brought out in Mr. Postgate's Introduction.

He underrates Johnson's writings, saying, for instance, that "his *Shakespeare* is never consulted," though he might have found it quoted more than once by the latest Cambridge editors. He says nothing of the strong evidence for Johnson's brief stay at Oxford, and does not tell us the special merit of the Dictionary, which did not begin English lexicography. The comparison with Addison is not so simple as it appears. Johnson was infinitely below him in style, but above him in knowledge and experience of life.

The Index is useful, but how did the compiler manage to omit an important figure like Reynolds and the sensible remarks on History?

Eckermann's elaborate achievement is, as Mr. Havelock Ellis says in his excellent Introduction, comparable to Boswell's. Indeed, it surpasses it in the long record of daily talks in detail. His devotion to Goethe, then an old man, outweighed with him every other consideration, though he got little in return. He is on re-reading more accomplished than we had thought him, and in natural history he was able to add to the learning of his friend. There can be few finer examples of culture than Goethe, criticizing literature, music and pictures, men of science and actors, ancient Greeks and modern Frenchmen with eager appreciation.

He pays a high tribute to the English, and hopes in 1827 that they will get "possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez." But with due allowance for the selfishness of old age, one asks, Where is Johnson's broad humanity? Could not Goethe have got away from himself and thought a little more for others? As the adroit man of the world, he was resolved to spare himself any agitation he could avoid and centred in his magnificent self, he seldom realized that Whole which was part of his creed.

V. R.

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. GALSWORTHY need not have apologized to "a long suffering public and still more long suffering critics" for these footnotes to the chronicles of the Forsytes. That family had a massive, English quality which could only be presented by the story of their development on a similarly solid scale. This present series of short stories is like illuminating anecdotes after a heavy biography. It offers bright and brief lights on characters we knew through the nineteenth century up to war-time. They are caught at revealing moments when they very nearly lose their sensible selves for the sake of love or struggle against the limitations of age with petulant obstinacy. We see two of them humanized out of their superiority by the immense emotion of war and reflect how much better Mr. Galsworthy has realized the psychology of the Englishman than the Press and politicians of the time.

Children and a dog provide a charming release from the stuffy, material atmosphere of the elders, and we find Francie, who has a "Keltic" face and the irresponsibility of the art student, saved from an undesirable foreigner by the methods which freed the spinster aunt from Jingle. The advance of the years is neatly marked by the changes in fashion and language. But Soames wandering about as a distracted lover in 1883 could not have seen a "rambler rose-bush in a tub." These roses, now so common and well-established, were invented at a later period. They might figure in the story of "The Dromios" at the time of the Boer War.

AS YOU WERE. By WILFRID BENSON. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

A DISTINCTION of this one among so many War Novels is that it never takes us across the sea. Its leading character is a public school boy, whose two elder brothers have already given their lives. In January 1918, having just won a scholarship at Cambridge, he joins the Inns of Court and is sent to train at Berkhamsted. Later he is transferred to Bath, where an officer-cadet battalion is quartered. At both places he, of course, lives

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with such types of army men as have joked, and cursed, and drunk, and courted, or failed to do any of these things, in a hundred novels wherein home training has been followed by the dire experience of the trenches. In this story such physical horrors as enter are provided by air-raids, crashings of aeroplanes, or sanguinary conflicts started by erotic jealousy. If a long course of war fiction has made the reader familiar with most of the situations described, there is still a good deal of fresh observation vividly realized, and the dialogue is consistently natural. The two girls, one a shopkeeper's niece of easy virtue, and the other a doctor's daughter in the W.A.A.C., a sergeant-major, and an ex-curate who relieves his feelings by a system of oathless cursing invented by himself, stand out from the rest. In closing the novel we may feel sorry for the W.A.A.C., manœuvred out of her marriage. She might live to feel thankful, or she might not!

THE BACK-TO-BACKS. By J. C. GRANT, with an Introduction by LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MR. GRANT is, we are told, a new hand, but already a master of gloomy suggestion in this story of coalminers. His Hagger, a northern mining village, broods over those who inhabit it like a demon, sucking the life out of them and demanding their service

from father to son. The whole place appears as a mass of black waste and slime, dirty heaps where dirty women congregate, paths where no man can walk at ease, and shops which make money out of horrid food. The sun never shines effectively, and the cottages stand back to back with sullen inmates, men bruised by their work and carrying coal in their open wounds. There is a very effective vision of a miner attacked by whole armies of worms floating in an underground enclosure of flooded water.

The fortunes of the family described are almost entirely tragic, and only an adopted daughter of superior education, after some sordid experiences, gets away from the doom of Hagger. The miners seem to have time and money for whippets, drink and football, but Mr. Grant sees them only as victims of neglect and horrors that should cease. This one-sided view rather spoils his powerful prose, which would have gained by correction here and there.

Mr. O'Flaherty adds nothing to the book by his excited Introduction, which is full of exaggerations. Not everything in literature is learnt in the way he prefers.

THE LORAM PICTURE. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. Lane. 7s. 6d.

MRS. REYNOLDS'S new book, with the middle of the last century for its period, has much of the placidity generally associated with that epoch, and tells of the fortunes of the Loram family, who resided in massive comfort over the print-shop on Ludgate Hill which bore their name. Richard, the father, had in his youth entertained aspirations towards Art, and the print-shop aforesaid represented the extreme limit of compromise possible to an otherwise indulgent parent. Thus the story turns largely on the "family" spirit reputed to be peculiar to those far-off days, and seeks to show how in spite of, or because of it, a father and mother might still remain virtual strangers to their children, and vice versa—though such a phenomenon is possibly not less rare in more enlightened times.

The atmosphere of syllabubs and shillibeers, *fêtes champêtres* and interminable Church services, reinforced, as it were, by a Gretna Green elopement, is very skilfully conveyed, as is also the complete disgrace then attendant upon the mere idea of enlistment in Her Majesty's Forces. But a tendency to thrust the Victorian era back into a past more remote than is chronologically just may be discerned in frequent references to the long-forgotten, earlier name of Brighton.

Though it may do something less than justice to Victorian ideals, the book has a distinctive charm, is eminently readable, and should be sure of a cordial welcome from those who are

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weary of the " biological urges " wherewith latter-day fiction is continually beset.

THE NARRATIVE OF JASPER WEEPLE. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d. net.

MEMORIES of Laputa, Erewhon, Camelot, and other strange regions whither novelists have brought men through shipwrecks, unexplored passes, knocks on the head, or the valley of dreams are recalled by this entertaining satire. Jasper Weeple, an unconventional, intelligent, and rather callous person, describes his own experiences in the land Midanglia, lost among our counties, to which, incited by an eighteenth century manuscript, he finds his way in a car. He enters a castle, where the King and his court, belonging to some period before firearms, are sleeping through the years, and he awakens them all by kissing the lovely Princess, after the best precedents. He soon becomes at home with these beautifully-dressed and generally agreeable people—excepting the Princess's very unpleasant stepmother and her set, who are, in a very distinct sense, a poisonous lot. In the course of conversations in sunny gardens and tapestried chambers, accounts of modern England form such a vehicle for ironic criticism as did Gulliver's talk with giant or pygmy monarchs The later pages,

in which the defence of the castle against the wicked Queen's adherents, the secret evacuation, and the final struggle in the open are briskly and effectively described, and with a hint of the ultimate union of Jasper with the Princess, who, with her people, has returned to "the land of Nod."

The author has tried even less than Mark Twain with his "Yankee," to "restore" any precise period. His book is not in any sense an historical novel. Among its imaginative features the institution which takes the place of marriage among the Midanglians is perhaps the least familiar.

BAGATELLE AND SOME OTHER DIVERSIONS. By GEORGE PREEDY. Lane. 7s. 6d.

THE author explains in his rather elaborate Prologue that his eleven stories to which a little play is added are called "Bagatelle" because they deal with an age long past and a way of life which may now appear ridiculous. There is also the pervading idea that all the quest for pleasure or the satisfaction of passion is vain, a brief illusion like the toy a child cherishes and throws away. The period is the seventeenth or eighteenth century and Mr. Preedy gives his figures a sense of power, an accomplishment in speech and dress and a lordly, luxurious environment which suggest a reckless indifference to the censure of the world. The last tale, in which a Marquis wins over a crude leader of the Camisards by the risky process of treating him as a gentleman who can take no unfair advantage, is perhaps the best, but love armed with a power belonging to the age of elegance, yielding on its own terms, encountered for a moment only to be lost, and turning savagely cruel when deceived, supplies several striking themes. Swords flash out quickly; men can be assassinated and unwanted women decently killed with poison. One story is a variant on the glory and degradation of a light lady made famous by Maupassant. Mr. Preedy can conjure up the real spirit of romance with its sudden turns of passion and disillusion. But we hope he will not, as Wilde said of a romancer, immolate himself on the altar of local colour. The spelling "færy tale" distresses us, and the lady who dreams of dwarf negroes leading up a "hippocampus" and riding one, "protected by a lilac parasol," is certainly fanciful. For ordinary mortals a "hippocampus" is no sort of horse but a fish with a long tail.

PARTIES. By CARL VON VECHTEN. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

THIS American novel is an account of the chief amusement of the "Bright Young Things" of New York, which is the drink provided by the bootlegger and taken from an early hour to reduce the exhaustion produced by the previous night's debauch.

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The only elderly member of the drinking circle is a septuagenarian countess who leaves her dull life in Germany and goes across the Atlantic to have a good time in New York. She is led about by a favourite gigolo, but makes no effective effort to stop his use of cocaine and cocktails. The chief event of the story is the departure of the universally popular David to Europe, as he finds he and his wife love and torture each other. However, he returns to take up the old senseless round. The young people go to various entertainments, but they are too mentally besotted to make much of them, or even to be certain next morning about the sexual lapses of the previous night.

It is a strange parade of self-inflicted hedonism, brilliantly done by the author, all of whose locutions we do not pretend to understand.

THE LITTLE TOWN. By HEINRICH MANN. Translated from the German by WINIFRED RAY. Secker. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a work of remarkable virtuosity. In the "little town," which is Italian, at a period apparently some while since, the author presents a moving panorama of characters whose relations with each other are all worked out in their conversations. When the members of an operatic company arrive to agitate the people to new excitements, the stage is crowded indeed. At the head of the town is Lawyer Belotti, with Don Taddeo, the fanatic priest, against him, and other opponents who wish to take his place.

A main feature of the book is the performance of an opera with an endless series of interruptions from the audience. Clever as all this scene is, it grows tediously lengthy. The handsome tenor, with his love affair and its tragic end, supplies the chief action of the story and its movement brightens up in the latter pages. Earlier we have to be interested in an immense flood of

talk, petty intrigues, the atmosphere of fornication enhanced by the arrival of the actresses and chorus girls, and a vast exhibition of vanity and selfishness. The Italian vivacity is well pictured, but the general effect is depressing, since, in all this crowd, there is no person that we can admire. The mocking, old, dilapidated half-wit who smiles over the final tragedy seems to give the mood of the book.

THE IMMORALIST. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSY. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

As regards his morals, in the common use of the word, the cultured archæologist and cultivator of his Norman estate, whose theory and practice give a name to this novel, becomes, as it nears its end, a highly unpleasant person, but previously, as the affectionate husband of a charming woman, and as a lover of rural pleasures, he is frequently attractive. His searching analyses of his own mental and moral experiences provide the apparent reason for the book's existence. This Michel, who is made to tell most of his own story, represents a type that has become rather conspicuous in contemporary fiction—the person of good education and considerable income who, having abandoned all sanctions except personal satisfaction, succeeds in blending something of the manners of decent people with private affections of quite another sort. He is, perhaps, best worth hearing as an observer of men, though he is avid of scandal about the lives of his peasants. His accounts of their ideas and customs are certainly vivid, and are sometimes in notable accord with the pictures painted by previous French novelists, Zola, for instance, and Bazin. One of the freshest scenes is that in which he takes to poaching in his own woods, from sheer love of the sport, to the bewilderment of his bailiff.

The translation is admirably done, as in the case of previous renderings of Gide by the same hand.

ESSAYS

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS. By ARTHUR PONSONBY. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

PEOPLE with names now write mediocre stuff about themselves and many other things for the Press. The *Manchester Guardian*, in which many of Lord Ponsonby's articles appeared, maintains a higher standard. The author recognizes that he is gathering "ephemeral and fleeting comments" which may soon be out of date, but he has a solid background of seriousness as well as the power of interesting and amusing, and he is a keen observer of social manners. Sometimes he emits an evident commonplace, as when he remarks that

> Crimes of calculation are, in my judgment, very much worse than crimes of impulse.

"Meiosis," that understatement which is a rooted British habit, and "the Spirit of Contradiction," which Poe called the imp of the perverse, are well illustrated, and we are pleased to get one more glimpse of Jowett of Balliol. The author protests, as Johnson did, that increasing age is not a process of gradual decay. We do not grow old in this way, and many a man of sixty can get over *Anno Domini* quite well. "The spirit of youth endures," and the Civil Servant may be master of his work and perfectly capable when he is turned out by an age limit.

The personal revelations include a great reluctance to part with old clothes and the sending of a pair of boots to Persia instead of a treaty! Strange encounters with others are a matter of luck which seems to be unequally divided. Lord Ponsonby deserves his good fortune in this way, for he is nothing like those bores who are "the salt of the earth." This worthy type is an addition to his article under that heading, and flourishes in public life.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR (1929–30) WITH AN ESSAY ON ESSAYS. By J. C. SQUIRE. Argonaut Press. 5s.

THIS volume shows what pleasant and capable work is being done in the Press of to-day by the best hands. Our own columns have supplied "Modern Landscapes," by Mr. Williams-Ellis. Mr. S. C. Roberts has an

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engaging article on Watson, the friend of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. J. P. Collins's tribute to "Old Odell" is new and delightful, doing full justice to a unique Bohemian. Views of James Payn and "A.J.B." remind us that the elders still count in the world of journalism, and the longest piece, "A Victorian Dame School," by Mr. Arthur Waugh, is a charming evocation of the past.

ARCHITECTURE

ENGLISH MONASTERIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By R. LIDDESDALE PALMER. Constable. 24s.

THE idea of devoting a book to the architectural interest of English monasticism, and of building up round the descriptions of the principal monasteries an account of the life and customs of the various orders of religions who inhabited them, was an extremely good one, and the author has carried it out with a considerable amount of success. An introductory chapter gives a summary account of those Orders who settled in this country. Two rules were followed by the monks, that of St. Benedict or that of St. Augustine. The Benedictine rule was stiffened up from time to time by reformers; the Cluniac reform dates from the tenth century—as it became rich and powerful, a group broke away to Citeaux and founded the Cistercian Order, to be joined in 1112 by St. Bernard. The Carthusians, founded by St. Bruno, only came late into this country; they lived in perpetual silence and solitude. While the English cathedrals were mostly Benedictine, the great abbeys were Cistercian. Few of the Cluniac buildings were of any importance, for a monk in a Cluniac house, such as that of Lewes, was not a monk of Lewes, but of Cluny, and the motive of local patriotism was absent. The most obvious distinction between Cistercian and Benedictine or Cluniac building was the absence in the former of statuary and magnificence in general; it was marked by simplicity and austerity. Cistercian houses like the Benedictines were autonomous, though they were subject to the visitation of their parent abbey, while all Cluniac houses were subordinate to the Abbot of Cluny, and hence were liable to seizure whenever England and France were at war, as alien priories.

After a detailed account of "the monastery as an organism," which collects a mass of scattered information, Mr. Palmer proceeds to the more immediate object of his book, and begins with a study of the plan of the monastery and its church, very fully illustrated, indeed, so fully that the illustration is rarely near the text it explains. Nearly all the best examples show the growth of the Cistercian model from the rectangular plan with

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square ends, and the influence it had on the buildings of the other orders. The development of the plan, under the pressure of the need for more altars—two masses a day were not said at the same altar—a larger choir, and processions, is carefully traced out till at last we come to the full glories of the Yorkshire abbeys. A peculiar feature of the early Cistercian church was the shutting off the aisles from the nave by walls, with screens shutting off the nave from the choir, and the choir from the transepts, thus ensuring complete privacy and quiet for the choir monks. Special attention is given to the cloister and to the outside buildings, and when the author comes to consider the builders, he has collected a large store of facts. The sacrist was the officer responsible for the maintenance of the fabric, and in a big house there was an office of works, with a master acting as a contractor for each job who provided the labour. Every now and then a great abbey, like St. Albans, got together a school of artists and craftsmen, laymen and regulars who became famous throughout the country, not all of them with a character like that of Master Hugh " fallax et falsidicus, sed artifex praelectus." The names of many of these master builders have been recovered from ancient account rolls. There are not a dozen men in England who could read this book without learning something from it, and no one interested in the

past of England should neglect the opportunity. It has a good index and is well printed.

AMPHION, OR THE 19TH CENTURY. By DUDLEY HARBRON. Dent. 6s.

THE double title of this book recalls those of a series with different aims and can hardly be called explanatory. Amphion is said to have raised the walls of Thebes to the sound of the lyre—

movit Amphion lapides canendo,

and Mr. Harbron is concerned with the course of architecture in nineteenth-century Britain, which it is difficult to associate with either magic or melody. But lovers of good taste in buildings should not miss his account, which is lively and entertaining as well as being supported by his own attractive sketches.

The chief men and influences of the period are detailed and we note the gradual defeat of Victorian conceptions of Gothic, though nothing considerable took its place. Efforts after originality, such as Butterfield's "streaky bacon" style, made no great mark, and a critic unkindly called the Albert Memorial "a pastry-cook's pagoda." To the latter the author is scarcely kinder when he remarks that it was a delicate compliment to Prince Albert, himself a notable designer of cruet-stands.

It is probable that the middle of the century—quite a good time for literature—saw the erection of some of the worst buildings a critical eye can encounter. But, if this is true, something may be said in excuse. The period was one in which the traditions of life were in the melting pot, and the rapid growth of industrialism led to much uncertainty and fumbling in design. Neither the Gothic nor the Classic style suited the new conditions, which were, moreover, changing so rapidly that architects may be forgiven for feeling a little bewildered. The result was too often suggestive of a nightmare, and though there was no lack of careful and honest work, it was for the most part uninspired. The amateur was much in evidence, and Croker and Sir Robert Peel used a good deal of letter-paper in arguing the question of battlements versus parapets without either of them convincing the other. Poor William IV plaintively hoped that the altered Buckingham House "might be plain, and no gilding, for he dislikes it extremely," and owners of Elizabethan country houses grew peevish when workhouses in the same style were erected close to their gates.

But if much of the work was mediocre and worse, the author rightly praises the few notable exceptions, among which the Houses of Parliament (despite Carlyle's sour gibe against "pepper-box" architecture) and St. George's Hall, Liverpool, receive deserved, if discriminating, commendation. On the whole, it was a barren period of somewhat restless experiment, in which

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inspiration (often of the most unsuitable kind) was sought in every country and clime. Only with the dawn of the present century did the tide begin to turn, giving us, among other things, Sir Giles Scott's designs for Liverpool Cathedral, which will surely rank among the finest examples of architecture in this, and perhaps any other, period.

TRAVELS AND TOURS

MEMOIRS OF A CEYLON PLANTER'S TRAVELS: 1851 to 1921. By MOUNT-STEVEN BREMER. With illustrations. Rivingtons. 10s. 6d.

THE author evidently has a passion for travel, and though he does not attempt to reach inaccessible places, he has a very pleasant way of noting what he has seen and has had abu dant experience of odd encounters in which his geniality and resource have been useful. In his earlier days he was much in Germany and saw the second performance of the *Meistersinger*, which lasted from 6 till past midnight, as the odd King of Bavaria was present and would tolerate no omissions. Mr. Bremer had a lively and varied time in Ceylon. During the war he got into the R.N.A.S. Armoured Cars after committing himself "to a very liberal rejuvenescence" and then asking: "Do I look my age?" Later, his expert knowledge of German was properly appreciated,

and it is pleasant to think of a man in wartime for once in his right job. We notice the welcome hint that Mr. Bremer may write again. If he does, he should realize that any book of reminiscences which is worth reading deserves an index.

"IT ISN'T FAR FROM LONDON." By S. P. B. MAIS. Richards. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a book for walkers of the sort we are glad to see. As we write these words, a letter from a friend tells us that, walking in rural Dorset, he found himself one morning in an inn charged extra for "Garage." The motorist cannot monopolize England, for he seldom goes slow enough to see it.

Mr. Mais is inclined to sketch his walks rather than explain them in detail, but he shows enterprise and genuine enthusiasm and has covered a great deal of ground, mentioning many details of interest and those casual encounters which add spice to the walker's day. We rather doubt the inclusion of Oxford and Cambridge and Kew Gardens, which have their own special literature. At Kew the time of cherry blossom should certainly be added to the sights mentioned and the quotation about wild flowers is no longer true. The Ridge Way, North Oxfordshire and the Windrush are examples of walking country not yet spoilt and well described. Mr. Mais, like all true walkers, retains the spirit of youth.

POETRY

COLLECTED SONGS AND LYRICS. By the HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. Lane. 5s.

MR. COLERIDGE does not belong to the present age with its elaborations of jangled harmonies and far-fetched effects. His verse is simple and easily understandable and follows the progress of love with a facile pen that is inclined to be too easily satisfied. More attention to technique would have strengthened his muse. Two typical stanzas are :—

> The sea and land, the sun and moon,
> And every star above,
> The fields and streams and far-off hills,
> All seem to speak of Love.
>
> But Time comes with his slow footfall
> Still with intent to bless,
> And daily custom tames the pulse
> To quiet tenderness.

Here the two last lines are the best; the rest have, one feels, been written many times before. The same may be said of "Ultima Requies." The last stanza,

> Lord, grant me with my latest breath,
> 'Mid failing faiths and death's alarms
> The still small voice, and underneath
> The Everlasting Arms,

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is different in quality to those that have preceded it. The attempts in the Sapphic metre have as much success as could be hoped; we do not think it can be easily naturalized in English. Apart from the love poems, which are the main feature of the book, there are several attractive glimpses of the English country at its best.

PALIMPSEST. BY HORACE SHIPP. SAMPSON LOW. 5s. net.

MR. HORACE SHIPP does not belong to any of the schools. "Follow my Leader" is a game he thinks unworthy of an artist and should be left to those who have no impulse of their own. A first glance at the comely page of his new book of poems would provoke the thought that he banded himself with the moderns. The irregular lines, some no longer than a single word, the absence of arbitrary initial capitals to punctuate the starting of a line, the titles themselves—"Social," "Tactile," "A Dialogue with Destiny," among others—seem to hint at modernity; but the hint misleads. Mr. Shipp has very little contact with the cerebral poets who claim obscurity as a virtue, for although he is as clever as you like, he devotes his cleverness to the execution of the poem and allows his emotion to supply the motive power behind it. There is a danger, indeed, that his cleverness in manipulating difficult and original forms may momentarily blind the reader to the emotional fervour and moral passion which inspire most of them. Read a poem like "Mood" first for its content, not bothering to analyse its technique, and then read it again and notice the unusual assonantal rhyming which gives it its special flavour. Mr. Shipp has experimented in a variety of manners, but his adventures have not been made for the sake of doing something uncommon but in order to arrive at the medium appropriate to his thought. At the back of all his work is the urge of the reformer with a horror of injustice. He dips into legend and history, calls up Christ, Parsifal, Hecuba and Samson,

but he is less concerned with Scriptural Palestine, ancient Greece and Arthur's Holy Quest than with Europe in war-time, industrial iniquities and the problems of our own time. He blazes his own trail and makes discoveries, and the reader shares in his excitements.

GENERAL

HENRY IRVING. BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. Dent. 15s.

GORDON CRAIG belongs to that most difficult of all human species: genius. He has the habit, therefore, of not fitting in to the neatly labelled categories and ready-made institutions of our work-a-day world, and even when he writes a book, it will not take its discreet place. This one should have been biography or else dramatic criticism. In fact it is creative literature, managing in an impressionistic way of its own to present Henry Irving in his habit as he lived. The way he walked, talked, thought, acted, conducted rehearsals, even the tones of his voice are sketched in by that nervous, highly individualized prose which the author has made his own. Add to this an amount of theatre theory, a sustained quarrel with Bernard Shaw, pen pictures of many of the famous people who gathered about Irving throughout his career; see it all through the eyes of a disciple of the great actor, and through the great love and admiration he bore for his master; and there is Gordon Craig's book upon Irving.

The spirit and the vitality of it accordingly constitute its first claim. It succeeds in showing us Irving instead of presenting a series of dry facts or comments upon facts. Against the method might be urged the faults inevitable to it; that unbounded admiration and loyalty can be blind to obvious shortcomings in the subject of their devotion; that they will not make for fairness towards any enemy or supposed enemy; that the impressionistic method of portraiture lacks careful outline; and that anything so vital will almost certainly lose something in form. All these objections hold concerning Craig's book. In his passion for Irving he invents amazing theories to justify everything Irving did, and he attacks the criticism and anti-Irvingism of Shaw in a manner as outrageous as it is fascinating. He appends scenes from *The Bells* which reveal that melodrama as almost unalloyed rubbish, and proceeds to defend it because its badness gave Irving a clean slate to express his genius. This would be sophistry, if it did not happen to be religion, but with Gordon Craig as high priest we are content to worship. The volume is charmingly produced, and is a notable contribution to theatre literature. H. S.

BOOKS

TREATISE ON THE GODS. By H. L. MENCKEN. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

THE hero of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth" had "always chuckled over the gay anarchy of Mencken." In truth, the author is a pleasant master of invective, and here he brings all his guns to bear against religions, in particular Christianity, *Primus in orbe deos fecit timor* might have figured on his title-page. He is convinced that all religions at bottom are pretty much alike, and he writes as one who is quite devoid of the religious impulse, but can imagine rational persons taking a different view. He sets aside the ethical aspect of religion, regarding it as largely fortuitous and adding, "My own private code of ethics, I like to think, is superior to that of most Christians." This reminds us of the American preacher who prayed for self-complacency as the most valuable of gifts. Mr. Mencken's field of observation, however, is the United States, not this country, and our withers are unwrung when he declares that Dr. Coolidge began going to his church much more regularly as soon as he got to the White House, and "Dr. Hoover, after years of backsliding, became a passionate Quaker the moment he was nominated." He tries to get inside the mind of a priest, but we may doubt his investigation, since in his own experience, "one seldom discovers a true believer who is worth knowing." He declares that the church's concessions to science are rare. Here we have a bishop who is openly inclined to combine the two, and the American persecution about Evolution was laughed at. Much play is made with the word Yahweh. A recent English book by two ministers of religion recognizes the superstitions out of which the religion of the Old Testament was fashioned, and is even published by the S.P.C.K. Mr. Mencken has evidently a wide knowledge of Biblical criticism. But his Latin is weak. *Credo quia incredibilis est:* "I believe because it is incredible," is hardly fair to Tertullian.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. VOL. I: The Middle Ages and the Renascence (650–1660) by Emile Legouis. Translated by HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE. Vol. II: Modern Times (1660–1914) by LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Translated by W. D. MACINNES and the Author. New Edition, 2 vols together. Murray, 18s.

THIS book—a marvel of compression with its 1,400 pages odd—may be called the crown of French studies on English, and it is striking how often the writers are able to refer to French monographs in their footnotes. Taine is praised in the Preface, but he was often at sea in discussing our national characteristics, misjudging wildly, for instance, the fantasy of Dickens. Here we find an ample understanding of the main trend of English thought and character and of the authors whose special gifts support it or oppose it. That peculiar and pervading product,

English humour, is given its due. We have seldom seen a survey so catholic in its judgments. Being outside the Saturnalia of personal resentment or political prejudice, which once did so much harm to English letters and still have their distorting influence, the authors discover calmly and with all the French precision the merits and defects of the age or writer they are considering. They show that openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence which Matthew Arnold ascribed particularly to the ancient Athenians and modern Frenchmen. We think higher of Arnold's poetry than they do, and the remarkable Preface to his Poems published in 1853 and preserved in 1857 should have been cited. An instance of the width of the survey is the judicious notice of Shaftesbury, while a look at the pages on Tennyson will show how a familiar classic can be appreciated.

On page 1071 there is a mistake of fact. It is stated that "the *London Magazine* having widely opened up its columns to the Reformers, the editor of *Blackwood's* challenges and kills, in a duel, the editor of the *London*."

Actually, Lockhart, who never claimed to be the editor of *Blackwood*, found his articles signed "Z" attacked in the *London*. He proposed a duel with the editor, John Scott, but it was his friend Christie who fired the fatal shot. Scott's name deserves a mention, for his *London* gathered more for the permanent delight of later readers than all the lucubrations of the *Edinburgh*.

TWIXT LOMBARD STREET AND CORNHILL. Designed, written and illustrated by the Staff of Lloyds Bank, Ltd.

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